

THE
VIRTUOSO.

A
COMEDY,

Acted at the
Duke's Theatre.

Written by
THOMAS SHADWELL.

Licensed May 31. 1676.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor
in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1676.

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ROGER WESTRICH

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To the most Illustrious Prince,

WILLIAM

DUKE of

NEWCASTLE, &c.

May it please your Grace,



So long as your Grace persists in Obliging, I must go on in Acknowledging; nor can I let any opportunity pass of telling the World, how much I am favoured by you; or any occasion slip of assuring your Grace, that all the actions of my life shall be dedicated to your service; who, by your Noble Patronage, your Generosity and Kindness, and your continual

Bounty,

County, have made me wholly your Creature: Nor can I forbear to declare, that I am more obliged to your Grace, than to all Mankind. And my misfortune is, I can make no other Return, but a declaration of my grateful Resentments.

When I shew'd your Grace some part of this Comedy at Welbeck, being all that I had then written of it, you were pleased to express your great liking of it; which was a sufficient encouragement for me to proceed in it: And when I had finish'd it, to lay it humbly at your feet; what ever I write, I will submit to your Grace, who are the greatest Master of Wit, the most exact Observer of Mankind, and the most accurate Judge of Humour, that ever I knew. And were I not assured of the Greatness of your favour, I should be afraid of the excellency of your Judgment.

I have endeavour'd in this Play at Humor, Wit, and Satyr, which are the three things (however I may have fallen short in my attempt) which your Grace has often told me, are the life of a Comedy. Four of the Humors are entirely new; and (without vanity) I may say, I ne'r produc'd a Comedy that had not some natural Humour in it not represented before, nor I hope never shall. Nor do I count those Humours which a great many do, that is to say, such as consist in using one or two By-words; or in having a fantastick extravagant Dress, as many pretended Humours have; nor in the affectation of some French words, which several Plays have shown us. I say nothing of impossible unnatural Farce Fools, which some intend for Comical, who think it the easiest thing in the world to write a Comedy, and yet will sooner grow rich upon their ill Plays, than write a good one: Nor is downright silly folly a Humour, as some take it to be, for 'tis a meer natural Imperfection; and they might as well call it a humour of Blindness in a blind man, or Lameness in a lame one: Or as a celebrated French Farce has the humour of one who speaks very fast, and of another who speaks
very

very slow: But Natural Imperfections are not fit Subjects for Comedy, since they are not to be laugh'd at, but pittied. But the Artificial Folly of those, who are not Coxcombs by Nature, but with great Art and Industry make themselves so, is a proper Object of Comedy, as I have discours'd at large in the Preface to the Humorists, written five years since: Those slight circumstantial things, mentioned before, are not enough to make a good Comical Humour: which ought to be such an affectation, as misguides men in Knowledge, Art, or Science, or that causes defection in Manners, and Morality, or perverts their minds in the main Actions of their lives. And this kind of Humour I think I have not improperly described in the Epilogue to the Humorist.

But your Grace understands Humour too well not to know this, and much more than I can say of it. All I have now to do, is, humbly to Dedicate this Play to your Grace, which has succeeded beyond my expectation, and the Humours of which have been approved by Men of the best Sense and Learning. Nor do I hear of any profest Enemies to the Play, but some Women, and some Men of Feminine understandings, who like slight Plays onely, that represent a little tattle sort of Conversation like their own; but true Humour is not liked or understood by them, and therefore even my attempt towards it is condemned by them. But the same people, to my great comfort, damn all Mr. Johnson's Plays, who was incomparably the best Drammatick Poet that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I had rather be Author of one Scene in his best Comedies, than of any Play this Age has produced. That there are a great many faults in the conduct of this Play, I am not ignorant. But I (having no Pension but from the Theatre, which is either unwilling, or unable, to reward a Man sufficiently, for so much pains as correct Comedies require) cannot allot my whole time to the writing of Plays, but am forced to mind some other business of Advantage. (Had I as much Money, and as much time for it) I might perhaps write as Correct

a Co-

a Comedy as any of my Contemporaries. But I hope your Grace will accept of this with all its imperfections; which, since the Royal Family have received favourably, I have all my aim, if it be approved by your Grace, who are, next to them, in the greatest esteem and observance of,

My Lord,

London, June

26. 1676.

Your Grace's

Most obliged hum-
ble Servant,

THOMAS SHADWELL.

PRO-

Prologue.

YOU come with such an eager appetite
To a late Play, which gave so great delight;
Our Poet fears, that by so rich a Treat,
Your Palates are become too delicate.
Yet since y^e have had Rhime for a relishing Bit,
To give a better taste to Comick Wit.
But this requires expence of time and pains,
Too great, alas, for Poets slender gains.
For Wit, like *China*, should long burid lie,
Before it ripens to good Comedy;
A thing we ne'r have seen since *Johnson's* days,
And but a few of his were perfect Plays.
Now Drudges of the Stage must oft appear,
They must be bound to scribble twice a year.
Thus the thin thred-bare Vicar still must toil,
While the fat-lazie Doctor bears the spoil,
In the last Comedy some Wits were shown;
In this are Fools that much infest the Town.
Plenty of Fops, grievances of the Age,
Whose nauseous Figures ne'r were on a Stage.
He cannot say they'll please you, but they're new;
And he hopes you will say, he has drawn 'em true.
He's sure in Wit he can't excel the rest,
He'd but be thought to write a Fool the best.
Such Fools as haunt and trouble Men of Wit,
And spight of them will for their Pictures sit.
Yet no one Coxcomb in this Play is shown;
No one Man's humour makes a part alone,
But scatter'd follies gather'd into one.
He says, if with new Fops he can but please,
He'll twice a year produce as new as these.

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Drammatis

Drammatis Personæ.

Sir Nicholas Gimcrack.	}	The Virtuoso.
Sir Formal Trifle.	}	The Orator, a florid Coxcomb.
Snarl.	}	An old pettish Fellow, a great Admirer of the last Age, and a Declaimer against the Vices of this, and privately very vicious himself.
Sir Samuel Hearty.	}	A brisk, amorous, adventurous, unfortunate Coxcomb, one that by the help of humorous nonsensical By-words, takes himself to to be a Wit.
Longvil. Bruce.		In love with <i>Miranda</i> . In love with <i>Clarinda</i> .
Swiming Master. Hazard.		{ Gentlemen of wit and sense.
Lady Gim- crack.	}	Wife to the Virtuoso.
Clarinda.		In love with <i>Longvil</i> .
Miranda.		In love with <i>Bruce</i> .
Flirt.		The Virtuoso's Whore.
Figgup.		<i>Snarl</i> 's Whore.
Betty.		<i>Clarinda</i> 's Chambermaid.
Bridget.		Lady <i>Gimcrack</i> 's Maid.
Porter to Sir Nicholas.		

*Ribband-Weavers, Sick and Lame People, Porters,
Servants, Masqueraders.*

Scene, L O N D O N:

THE



THE VIRTUOSO.

ACT I.

Bruce in his Gown reading.

Bruce. **T**Hou great *Lucretius*! Thou profound Oracle of Wit and Sense! Thou art no Trifling-Landskip-Poet, no Fantastick Heroick Dreamer, with empty Descriptions of Impossibilities, and mighty sounding Nothings. Thou reconcil'st Philosophy with Verse, and dost almost alone demonstrate that Poetry and Good Sense may go together.

Reads. *Omnis enim per se Divinam Natura necesse est,
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur,
Sæmota à nostris Rebus, sejunctaque longè,
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,
Ipsa sua pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

Enter Longvil.

Longv. *Bruce,* Good Morrow; what great Author art thou chewing the Cud upon? I look'd to have found you with your Head-ake, and your Morning-Qualms.

B

Bruce. We

Bruce. We should not live always hot-headed ; we should give our selves leave sometimes to think.

Longv. *Lucretius* ! Divine *Lucretius* : But my Noble E p-
curean, what an Unfashionable Fellow art thou, that in this
Age art given to understand Latine ?

Bruce. 'Tis true, *Longvil*, I am a Bold Fellow to pretend
to it, when 'tis accounted Pedantry for a Gentleman to spell,
and where the Race of Gentlemen is more degenerated than
that of Horses.

Longv. It must needs be so : for Gentlemen care not upon
what strain they get their Sons, nor how they breed 'em, when
they have got 'em : The best of 'em now have a kind of Edu-
cation like Pages ; and you shall seldom see a Young Fellow
of this Age that does not look like one of those overgrown
Animals newly manumitted from Trunk-Breeches.

Bruce. Some are first Instructed by Ignorant-young-household-
Pedants, who dare not whip the Dunces, their Pupils, for
fear of their Lady-Mothers : Then before they can Conster
and Pearse, they are sent into *France*, with sordid illiterate
Creatures, call'd Dry'd-Nurses, or Governours ; Engines of
as little use as Pacing-Saddles, and as unfit to Govern 'em
as the Post-Horses they ride to *Paris* on : From whence they
return with a little smattering of that mighty Universal Lan-
guage, without being ever able to write true English.

Longv. O but then they'll value 'em for speaking good
French.

Bruce. Perhaps good French may be spoken with little
sense ; but good English cannot.

Longv. Thou art in the right : But then there are a sort of
Hopeful Youths that do not Travel ; and they are either such
as keep Company with their Sisters, and visit their Kindred,
and are a great comfort to their Mothers, and a scorn to all
others ; or they are Sparks that early break loose from Dis-
cipline, and at Sixteen, forsooth, set up for Men of the
Town.

Bruce. Such as come Drunk and Screaming into a Play-
House, and stand upon the Benches, and tofs their full Peri-
wigs, and empty Heads, and with their shrill unbroken Pipes,
cry,

cry, *Dam-me, this is a Damn'd Play; Præthee let's to a Whore, Jack.* Then says another with great Gallantry, pulling out his Box of Pills, *Dam-me, Tom, I am not in a condition; here's my Turpentine for my Third Clap:* when you would think he was not old enough to be able to get one.

Longv. Heav'n be prais'd, these Youths, like Untimely Fruit, are like to be rotten before they are ripe!

Bruce. These are sure the only Animals that live without thinking: A Sensible Plant has more Imagination than most of 'em.

Longv. Gad, if they go on as they begin, the Gentlemen of the next Age will scarce have Learning enough to claim the benefit of the Clergy for Man-slaughter.

Bruce. The highest pitch our Youth do generally arrive at, is to have a form, a fashion of Wit, a Rotine of speaking, which they get by imitation; and generally they imitate the extravagancies of witty men drunk, which they very discreetly practise sober; but in so clumsy and awkward a way, that me thinks it should make witty men out of love with their Vices; as Prentices wearing Pantaloon, would make Gentlemen lay by the Habit.

Longv. These are sad Truths: but I am not such a Fop to disquiet my self one minute for a thousand of 'em.

Bruce. You have Reason, say what we can, the Beastly Restive World will go its own way; and there is not so foolish a Creature as a Reformer.

Longv. Thank Heav'n, I am not such a Publick-spirited Fop, to lose one moment of my private pleasure for all that can happen without me.

Bruce. Thou art a Philosopher: And now thou talk'st of private pleasure, what think'st thou of our Adventure with *Clarinda* and *Miranda*, the *Vertuosa's*, *Sir Nicholas Gimerack's* Nieces? See the danger of going to Church, *Longvil*: I advis'd thee against it; 'twas a fine Curiosity, and has cost us dear.

Longv. Did ever I think we two should be caught any way in a Church?

Bruce. 'Tis a little strange that we, that have run together

into all the Vices of Men, of Wit and Gentlemen, should at last together fall into the Vice of Fools and Country-Squires, Love.

Longv. We that have wonder'd at all other Amorous Coxcombs, must now laugh at one another. I am amaz'd at thy passion for *Clarinda*.

Bruce. And I no less at thine for *Miranda*. There's Witchcraft in't, to love where there's such apparent difficulty: for *Virtuoso* is as jealous as an Italian Uncle: His jealousy, helpt by the vigilancy and malice of that impertinent Strumpet his Wife, keeps 'em from all manner of address. Letters they have receiv'd from us, and we can have no answer; what the Devil's left for us to do in this case?

Longv. Fall down and worship me! I have found out the Noblest Tool to work with, and the most excellent Coxcomb that Nature e'er began, or Art e'er finish'd.

Bruce. Thou reviv'st my dying hope. Who is't?

Longv. A Rascal that is *Virtuoso's* Admirer, Flatterer, and great Confident, the only man he'll trust his Nieces with, who has discover'd to me that he has a passion for your *Clarinda*.

Bruce. Curse on him: But a Rival's a very improper Instrument.

Longv. But this is a Rival so conceited of his own parts, that he can never be jealous of anothers. He is indeed a very choice Spirit: The greatest Master of Tropes and Figures: The most *Ciceronian* Coxcomb, the Noblest Orator breathing: He never speaks without Flowers of Rhetorick: In short, he is very much abounding in words, and very much defective in sense, Sir *Formal Trifle*.

Bruce. He's an Original indeed, the most Florid Knight alive: I have some little knowledge of him.

Longv. I have perswaded him that you and I are the greatest Philosophers, and the greatest Admirers of the *Virtuoso* and his Works that can be: This has already produc'd that good effect, that Sir *Formal* has this morning been with me from his noble Friend Sir *Nicholas*, to invite me to come to his House to see a Cock-Lobster dissected, and afterwards to Dine with him, and will be here with the same Message to you.

Bruce. How

Bruce. How I applaud thy Wit ! but why wouldst not thou communicate thy design before-hand ?

Longv. I was resolv'd to surprize thee with it if it took, and to conceal it if it did not.

Enter Bruce's Foot-man.

Foot. Sir, Sir Samuel Hearty has sent you word, he will come and give you a visit.

Bruce. There's an Ass, an Original of another kind ; one that thinks that all Mirth consists in noise, tumult, and violent laughter : At once, the merriest and the dullest Rogue alive — One that affects a great many nonsensical by-words, which he takes to be Wit, and uses upon all occasions.

Longv. But the best part of his Character is behind ; he is the most amorous Coxcomb, the most designing and adventurous Knight alive ; a great Masquerader, and has forty several disguises to make love in ; and has been the most unlucky Fellow breathing in that and all other adventures. He has never made Love where he was not refus'd, nor wag'd War where he was not beaten. Here he is.

Enter Sir Samuel.

Sir Sam. Tom Bruce, Good-morrow to thee. Dear Jack Longvit, how dost do ? 'Faith I wish'd you with me last night ; we were a knot of merry Rogues of thirteen or fourteen of us got together, sung, and tore, and roar'd, and ranted 'igad all weathers, and drunk and laugh'd Dagger out o' sheath, I vow to gad : We were upon the high Repes, 'ifaith. Hey poop — troll — come aloft Boys — ha-ha-ha ! Ah Rogues, that you had been with us, 'ifaith. Ha-ha-ha.

Bruce. 'Faith and wou'd we had.

Sir Sam. 'Igad Boys : we'd have paid you off. We swing'd it away 'ifaith : We were so merry, o' my Conscience, you might have heard us half a mile.

Long. What a Divine hearing was that ?

Sir Sam. 'Faith I was pure company, I was never on a better
pin

pin in my life. There was one of the Company wou'd needs pretend to be a Wit forsooth; but 'ifaith Boys I run him down so, the Devil take me, he had not a word to throw at a Dog about business. Whenever he was impertinent, I took him up with my old *repartée*; Peace, said I, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle; and when e'er he began again, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle again said I. Thus I run him down with a Hey poop! Whoo! ha-ha-ha! he had not a word, not one word, I vow to gad. Ha-ha-ha!

Longv. (to Bruce.) As this Fellow thinks all mirth consists in noise, so he thinks, all Wit is in running a man down, as he calls it; not considering, that impudence does that better.

Sir Sam. 'Faith I was very frolick; and there came a Fellow abruptly into our Company. I whip'd up to him. Hey! slap! dash! gave him a kick in the arse to drink, and made Pilgarlick go ten times faster down stairs than he came up, i'faith, Boys.

Bruce. But this may cost you a Challenge, Sir Samuel.

Sir Sam. Challenge! igad if he does challenge me, I'll run him through the Lungs about that business. He shall not onely blow out a Candle with his wound, but the Sun shall shine through him. Pox! he's a raw Fellow, he does not know what 'tis to have a Towel drawn through his body.

Longv. This Fellow's brains, like some Bottle-beer, fly all into froth.

Bruce. So brisk and dull a Rogue I never saw.

Sir Sam. Come, 'faith we are choice Lads, and should make much of one another. I have indeed to night an *Intrigue* with a Lady; I am to venture in a disguise. I give a Masquerade, you know, and, I hope will be there. But to morrow night, 'faith I'll be very drunk about business. Ha Boys! ha! ha!

Enter Bruce's Footman.

Foot. Sir, one Sir Formal Trifle bids me tell you, he's come to pay his *Devoir* to you; he charg'd me to use that expression, I know not what he means by it.

Bruce. 'Twas very quaintly exprest: desire him to come up.

Sir

Sir Sam Oh I have often seen him at *Sir Nicholas Gimcrack's* house, the *Virtuoso*; 'faith of a grave Fellow, he's a very ingenious Rogue, and i'gad he has a fine way with him——

Longu. I never knew any man that had a way with him (as they call it) that was not a Coxcomb.

Sir Sam. He has a notable Vein of Oratory, a brave Delivery; and when he is in the humour, 'igad he'll speak finely, finely, very finely.——

Enter Sir Formal Trifle:

Sir Form. Gentlemen, I humbly kiſs all your hands in general, but, Sir, yours in a more particular manner. [To Bruce.

Bruce. *Sir Formal*, your most humble Servant; you do me a great deal of honour in this visit.

Sir Form. Sir, I never could admit a thought within the slender Sphere of my imagination, that could once suggest to me the not meeting with a good reception, from a person that is so strictly oblig'd by, and so nicely practis'd in, the severer rules, and stricter methods of Honour, as you are.

Bruce. Sir, you oblige me with your fair Character.

Sir Form. Upon my sincerity, I wholly eschew all Oratory, and Compliments, with persons of your worth and generosity. And though I must confess upon due occasions, I am extremely delighted with those pretty spruce expressions, wherewith Wit and Eloquence use to trick up humane thoughts, and with the gaudy dress that smother Pens so finely cloth them in, yet I never us'd the least tincture of Rhetorick with my Friend, which I hope you'll do me the Honour to let me call you——I think I am florid—— [Aside:

Sir Sam. I told you i'faith he'd speak notably; he has a Silver-tongue.

Longu. Oyes! a Golden one! What would such Coxcombs do, if there were not greater to admire them? This *Sir Formal* is call'd a well-spoken man, with a pox to him——

Bruce. Sir, I shall think my self honoured with the Title of your Servant.

Sir Form. It is so much to my advantage, that I do assure you,

you, *Sir Formal Trifle* shall never give *Mr. Bruce* any occasion to believe, that he will omit any opportunity of avowing himself to all the world, to be the most humble and obedient of his Servants. Sweet *Mr. Longvil*, having already this morning paid my devoir to you, I shall at present onely tell you that, which I hope is no news to you ; to wit, that I am your most humble Servant. There I think I was concise and florid.

Longv. You do me too much honour.

Bruce. Is there so great a Rascal upon earth as an Orator, that would slur and top upon our understandings, and impose his false conceits for true reasoning, and his florid words for good sense ?

Longv. Your Bully, with his false Dice and Box, is an honest man.

Sir Form. (to *Sir Sam.*) Truly, Sir, I am afflicted at the late falling out between *Sir Nicholas* and your noble self, which has deprived me of so frequently enjoying the honour of kissing your fair hands there.

Sir Sam. O Lord, Sir, your Servant, your Servant : 'faith I am very sorry for't too. But I shall be glad to wait upon you, and drink his health in a glass of *Burgundy*, and be very merry about bus'ness : He's a fine person 'faith, though he does not care much for wit.

Sir Form. And now, *Mr. Bruce*, after these little digressions which my particular esteem of every person in this presence has engag'd me to, I am to inform you, that my noble Friend *Sir Nicholas Gimcrack* does by me invite you, with your Friend, being Philosophers, and consequently his Admirers, to come to his house this fore-noon, to see the dissection of a little Animal, commonly called a *Chichester Cock-Lobster* ; and afterwards to take a dish of meat, and discourse of the noble Operation, and to sport an Author over a Glass of Wine.

Sir Sam. Ha ! this will prove for my design.

Longv. Give me your Orator for dispatch. What a flourish the Rogue has made to invite us to dinner !

Bruce. Sir, I will not do my self the injure to fail two such Ingenious and learned men as *Sir Nicholas* and your self.

Sir

Sir Form. Alas, Sir, I! I am but his shadow, his humble Admirer; but I will undertake for him: Fame has not promis'd more of him to your expectation, than he will perform to your understanding. Trust me, he is the finest speculative Gentleman in the whole World, and in his Cogitations the most serene Animal alive: Not a Creature so little, but affords him great Curiosities: He is the most admirable person in the *Meletetiques*, viz. in Reflections and Meditations, in the whole world. Not a Creature so inanimate, to which he does not give a Tongue; he makes the whole World Vocal; he makes Flowers, nay, Weeds, speak eloquently, and by a noble kind of *Prosopopeia*, instruct Mankind.

And, Sir, though I ignore not what the envy of Detractors have express'd of him, yet, in short, I opine him to be the most curious and inquisitive Philosopher breathing; and I will let him know you intend to wait on him, within two hours he will show. 'Tis his time of Operation.

Bruce. We will not fail. What an Employment has this Fool under him? He is the *Chorus* to his Puppet-show.

Longv. I would rather be Trumpeter to a Monster, and call in the Rabble to see a Calf with six legs, than shew such a Blockhead.

Sir Sam. 'Pray, Sir, commend me heartily to Sir *Nicholas*, and tell him, Faith and Troth I am sorry my Wit should offend him; and I shall henceforth endeavour to be as dull as I can to merit his esteem. I confess I was a little too aiery and brisk about that business: but 'faith I am his most humble Servant, and have a Sword and Arm at his service, and 'gad will draw it against any man breathing, in defence of his Person and Philosophy; and so let him know from Sir *Samuel*.

Sir Form. I shall perform your commands, and doubt not but to do you service in it. Gentlemen agen, I kiss your hands. [Exit.]

Longv. Sir *Samuel*, how came your Wit to offend the Vir-
tuous?

Sir Sam. 'Faith I was very well there; but you know I am an aiery brisk merry Fellow, and facetious: and his
C grave

grave Philosophical humour did not agree with mine. Besides, he does not value Wit at all ; he wo'nt be pleas'd with you, I assure you.

Bruce. Why so ?

Sir Sam. Why, he did not like me at all ; he's an enemy to Wit, as all *Vertuoso's* are.

Bruce. Sure if he had lik'd Wit, he wou'd have lik'd you.

Sir Sam. That I think without vanity. But you must know, I pretended to *Miranda*.

Longv. Pox on him, what says he ?

Sir Sam. And, not to boast, I found my love would have had a good reception ; but her malicious Sister, *Clarinda*, discover'd my intrigue, and Sir *Nicholas* forbad me his house upon that bus'ness.

Bruce. What exception had he against you ?

Sir Sam. Why faith he would not dispose of his Niece to a Wit, he said.

Longv. A Wit ! 'faith he might as well have call'd thee a *Dromedary*.

Sir Sam. Peace, I say ; *Tace* is Latine for a Candle. Ha-ha-ha. You know I can run you down. In short, he said, I was a Wit, a flashy Wit. But if you have any kindness in the world for me, you might help me in this Intrigue.

Bruce. How so ?

Sir Sam. Now you are invited, let me wait on you in a Livery for one of your Footmen. I have fourty several Periwigs for these Intrigue's and businesses : 'gad if you will whip, slap-dash—— I'll bring this bus'ness about as round as a Hoop.

Bruce. Prethee, *Longvil*, let him go, that we may make sport with him, and abuse the Rogue damnably.

Longv. 'Sdeath ! what, bring him to my Mistress !

Bruce. Canst thou be jealous of so silly a Rascal ?

Longv. 'Tis ill trusting the fantastick appetites of Women ; they are subject to the Green-sickness of the mind, as well as that of the body : One makes them love Fools and Block-heads, as the other does Durt and Char-coal.

Bruce,

Bruce. She's a Woman of Wit; besides, let him wear your Livery, and by your prerogative you may kick your Rival all this day, if he should be sawcy, which he will certainly be.

Longv. That consideration prevails with me.

Sir Sam. What say you, Boys? is it not an admirable Intrigue?-- Hah! ———

Longv. *Sir Samuel*, there is some difficulty: but, to serve you, we can refuse nothing. You shall do me the honour to wear a Livery of mine; I have new ones come home this morning, my Man will give you one.

Sir Sam. If I do not do my business, *Jack*, I am the Son of a Tinder-box.

Longv. Well! pray, Mr. Tinder-box, go about it quickly.

Sir Sam. Gad I'll do't instantly, in the twinkling of a Bed-staff. Ha-ha-ha.

Bruce. In the twinkling of what?

Sir Sam. Hey! pull away, Rogues; in the twinkling of a Bed-staff! a witty way I have of expressing myself. I'll away.

[Exit.]

Longv. Was there ever so senseless a Fop? words are no more to him than breaking wind, they onely give him vent; they serve not with him to express thoughts, for he does not think.

Bruce. A Wit! a flashy Wit! a flashy Wit! What a dull Villain is this *Virtuoso*? But prethee take all occasions to kick this flashy Wit much; he'll give thee enough.

Longv. Pox on him, he has read *Seneca*: he cares not for kicking; he never scap'd kicking in any disguise he ever put on.

Bruce. Nor in any of his own habits neither. But I'll in and dress me.

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Miranda* and *Clarinda* in the Garden.

Miran. Were ever Women so confin'd in England by a foolish Uncle? worse than an Italian. But that I should be loath to speak ill of the dead, I should think my Father was

not *Compos mentis* when he made his Will, to bequeath us to the government of a *Virtuoso* onely, because his first Wife was our Aunt.

Clar. A Sot, that has spent 2000 *l.* in Microscopes, to find out the Nature of Eels in Vinegar, Mites in a Cheese, and the Blue of Plums, which he has subtilly found out to be living Creatures.

Miran. One who has broken his brains about the nature of Magots; who has studi'd these twenty years to find out the several sorts of Spiders, and never cares for understanding Mankind.

Clar. Shall we never get free from his jealousy, and the malice of his impertinent Wife?

Mir. Though he be jealous of us, yet he's as tame a civil London Husband to his Wife, as she can wish — who certainly Cuckolds him abundantly.

Clar. She hates us in her heart, because she thinks we see too much. To be confin'd, and to such impertinence too, puts me beyond all patience.

Mir. 'Twill make Dogs curst to be ty'd up, and sure 'twill provoke free-born Women more?

Clar. We should have as good company in a Gaol; for none but Quacks and Fools come hither; and one of the worst of 'em is my foolish florid Coxcomb, Sir *Formal*.

Mir. He has banish'd my Coxcomb, Sir *Samuel*; a brisk aiery Fool, that there is some diversion in. He had as many tricks as a well educated Spaniel, would fetch, and carry, and come over a stick for the King: He had some tricks of a Man too, and may pass Muster among the young gay Fellows of this Town; and could sing all the new Tunes and Songs at the Play-houses.

Clar. And we are troubled with an old Fellow here in the House, his Uncle *Snarle*, a great Declaimer against the Vices of the Age, a clownish blunt Satyrical Fellow; a hater of all young People, and new Fashions.

Mir. But he is such a froward testy old fellow, he should be Wormed like a mad Dog.

Clar. We try his patience sometimes; but I am pleas'd to hear

hear him abuse the *Virtuoso* his Nephew, who bears all in hope of his Estate. *Snarl* is a Fellow spares no body, always speaks what he thinks, and does what he pleases. But yet, *Miranda*, there's a worse misfortune than all this, that we two should, in a Church, when we should ha' been thinking of something else, fall in love with two men of Wit and Pleasure, who are too much Men of the Town to think of Marriage, we being too little Women of the Town to think of any other Love.

Mir. We have Fortunes good enough to lure them to Matrimony, if that were all; but the worst part of the story is, he whom I love is in love with you, and your Man makes addresses to me, as their Letters tell us: And even these Men we cannot see, but at Church, or at a Play-house, when we are guarded by our malicious watchful Aunt.

Clar. If we could but see these men privately, there yet might be some hopes; we might each of us use our Lover scurvily, and him we love we might charm with kindness; for they are men that have known the pomps and vanities of this wicked World too much to love a face onely.

Mir. If we could bring this about, I would stand out at nothing that might procure our freedom; the mischief is, if we rebel, *Virtuoso* will allow us nothing out of our Fortunes till we come of age.

Clar. Then we must e'en live upon the credit of a Reversion, as some young fellows do that with their Fathers hang'd: I warrant thee we'll find credit.

Mir. And lose our Reputations: we have much ado to keep 'em as we are.

Clar. Let what will come on't, I am resolv'd to break out: he shall sooner stop a Tide than my Inclinations.

Mir. Oh if your Knight Errants and we agree upon the point, they'll soon deliver us distressed Damsels from our Enchanted Castle.

Enter Snarl and his Man.

Snarl. 'Tis a fine morning: fetch me a Pipe of Tobacco and a Match into the Garden.

[Exit Man.]

Clar.

Clar. Here's old *Snarl*, he has call'd for his Tobacco too: he smoakes all day like a Kitchen-chimney.

Mir. Prethee let's teaze him a little, 'tis the greatest pleasure we have. Morrow Uncle——

Snarl. How now you Baggages! what do you abroad thus early? you us'd to be stewing a bed till Eleven a clock, like paltry lazy Cockatrices, that are good for nothing, by the Mass: You'll make excellent Wives, Cuckold your Husbands immoderately: You mind nothing but prinking your selves up. A wholesome good housewifely Countrey Wench is worth a thousand of you in sadness.

Mir. You have a course stomach, and to such a one a Surloin of Beef were better than a dish of Wheat ears.

Snarl. A man must have a lusty stomach that has a mind to any of the Town-Ladies; they have so many tricks to disguise themselves, washing, painting, patching, and their damn'd ugly new-fashion'd dresses, that a man knows not what to make on 'em, by the Mass: Besides, I have not heard, that their Reputations are famous all over the World.

Clar. You are an old fashion'd Fellow, Uncle, and think no Dress handsome, but that which Ladies wore at the Coronation of the last King.

Mir. And think no Ladies honest, but your old formal Creatures, that were in fashion in the year 1640. and censure all Ladies that have freedom in their carriage.

Snarl. Freedom with a pox I say, 'tis freedom indeed: But the last Age was an Age of innocence, you young Sluts you; now a company of Jillflirts, flaunting vain Cockatrices, take more pains to lose Reputation, than those did to preserve it. I am afraid the next Age will have very few that are lawfully begotten in't, by the Mass. Besides, the young Fellows are like all to be effeminate Coxcombs, and the young Women Strumpets, in sadness, all Strumpets, by the Mass.

Clar. You are a fine old Satyr indeed; 'twere well if you decr'd Vices for any other reason but that you are past them.

Snarl. You pert Baggages, you think you are very handsome now, I warrant you. What a devil's this pound of hair upon

upon your paltry frowns for? what a pox are those Patches for? what, are your faces sore? I'd not kiss a Lady of this Age, by the Mass, I'd rather kiss my Horse.

Mir. Heav'n, for the general good of our Sex, keep you still in that mind.

Snarl. Some Ladies with scabs and pimples on their faces invented patches, and those that have none must follow: Just as our young Fellows imitate the French; their Summer-fashion of going open-breasted came to us at *Michaelmas*, and we wore it all Winter; and their Winter-fashion of buttoning close their strait-long-waisted Coats, that made them look like Monkeys, came not to us till *March*, and our Coxcombs wore it all Summer. Nay, I'll say that for your comfort, the young fashionable Fellows of the Town have as little wit as you have.

Clar. You had a better opinion of our Sex sure in your youth; were you never in love?

Mir. O yes, with himself always.

Snarl. Never with any such as you, I thank Heav'n, I was never such an Ass; I'd not be such a Puppy for the world, in sadness.

Clar. Pish: you are an old insignificant Fellow, Nuncle, such as you should be destroyed, like Drones that have lost their Stings, and afford no Honey.

Snarl. Marry come up, you young Slut, are you so liquorish after the Honey of Man? in sadness this is fine.

Mir. You have no pleasure but drinking, and smoking, and riding with your Gambadoes, on your little pacing Tit, to rake a Pipe, and drink a cup of Ale at *Hamstead* or *Highgate*.

Snarl. Prethee, you prating Slut, do not trouble me with your impertinence. What pleasure can a man have in this coxcomby scandalous Age; in sadness, I am almost ashamed to live in it, by the Mass.

Clar. Then die in it, as soon as you can, if you do not like it.

Mir. Methinks, though all pleasures have left you, you may go see Plays.

Snarl. I am not such a Coxcomb, I thank God: I have seen
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'em at *Black-Friers*; pox, they act like Poppets now in sadness. I, that have seen *Joseph Taylor*, and *Lowen*, and *Swanstead*: Oh a brave roaring Fellow! would make the house shake again. Besides, I can never endure to see Plays since Women came on the Stage; Boys are better by half.

Enter Snarl's Man.

Clar. But here are a great many new Plays.

Snarl. New ones! yes, either damn'd insipid dull Farces, confounded toothless Satyrs, or plaguy Rhiming Plays, with scurvy Hero's, worse than the Knight of the Sun, or *Amadis de Gaul*; by the Mass. Pish, why should I talk with such foolish Girls. Here, Sirra, give me my Pipe of Tobacco, with the Match. So ———

[*He smokes.*]

Go now, and fetch me a lusty Tankerd of Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar in't ———

Mir. Prethee do thee fling away his Cane, and I'll break his Pipe, which will almost break his heart ———

Clar. Agreed. Fie, Nuncle, is this your breeding, to take nasty Tobacco, and stink much before Ladies?

Mir. Away with it.

[*Clarinda flings away his Cane, Miranda breaks his Pipe.*]

Snarl. 'Sdeath! you sawcy Jades, what's this? I'll thrum you; 'twas well you flung away my Cane, you young Sluts; in sadness I'd ha' made Bamboo fly about your Jackets else, by the Mass. Ha! 'tis not broken all to pieces.

[*He is stooping for his Pipe, one flings away his Hat and Periwig, the other thrusts him down.*]

'Ounds! you young Jades, I'll maul you, you Strumpets, you damn'd Cockatrices: I'll disinheret my Nephew, if he does not turn you out of doors, you Crockadills.

Clar. That's it we'd have; we'l weary you both of your lives, till you bring it about.

Snarl. You young Jades, you Strumpets.

[*Exit Snarl, Looking for his Hat and Periwig.*]

Mir. Let's away, he'll beat us. *Enter*

Sir Form. Ladies, whither so gay, and in such haste? Is *Sir Nicholas* here?

Mir. No, no. *Clarinda*, come away. [He lays hold on *Clar.*

Sir Form. Let me first violently ravish a kiss from your fair hands; I had this morning, ere I went out, tender'd you my service of this day; had I not opin'd, I should too early have disturb'd your Beauty: But, Madam, you ignore not, that those venturous Blossoms, whose over-hasty obedience to the early Spring does anticipate the proper Season, do often suffer from the injuries of severer weather, unless protected by the happy patronage of some more benign shelter.

Clar. Farewell, I am in haste. [Exit *Clarinda*.

Sir Form. Her departure favours somewhat of abruptness.

Enter Snarl.

Snarl. Strumpets, Jades!

Sir Form. Sweet Mr. *Snarl*, had my eyes sooner encounter'd you, I had more early paid you the Tribute of my respect, which I opine to be so much your due, that though I ignore not that you are happy in having many Admirers, yet

Snarl. Ounds, if I be not reveng'd on these Cockatrices.

Sir Form. Yet I say, none of 'em is endu'd with a more zealous heart to do you service, than your most humble Servant *Sir Formal Trifle*.

Snarl. Pox! What do you trouble me with your foolish Rhetorick?

Sir Form. What is it so disorders the Operative Faculties of your noble Soul. But I beseech you argue you me not of Oratory, though I confess it to be a great virtue to be florid: nor is there in the whole world so generous and Prince-like a Quality as Oratory.

Snarl. Prince-like, Pimp-like in sadness! I never knew an Orator that was not a Rascal, by the Mass: Orators are foolish, flashy Coxcombs, of no sense or judgment, turn'd with

every wind; they are never of the same opinion half an hour together, nor ever speak of the opinion they are of. Pox o' your Tropes and Flowers.

Sir Form. Sir, upon my honour you mistake me still. I assure you I am a person——

Snarl. Whom I hope to see hang'd——

Sir Form. O Sir, you are in a merry humour: but, in good earnest, there is not a person in the whole world that is a greater admirer of your politer parts than my self.

Snarl. Shaw! pox of admirers; pish! what care I whether you be or no. Prethee, pish! you are very troublesome, in sadness.

Sir Form. Well Sir, you will have your pretty humours, you are dispos'd to be merry.

Snarl. Merry Oh your Jack-pudding! merry quoth a! 'ounds you lie——

Sir Form. Sir, I have often intreated you to avoid passion, it drowns your parts, and obstructs the faculties of your mind, while a serene Soul, like that which I wear about me, operates clearly, notwithstanding the oppression of Clay, and the clog of my sordid humane Body.

Snarl. In sadness I would you were hang'd, that your serene Soul might be free from your sordid humane Body; 'tis a very sordid one, by the Mass.

Sir Form. O Sir, I will retire, and take away all occasions of your uttering things that *re verâ*, are more injurious to your self, than reflecting on me. I take my leave, Sir.

[Exit.]

Snarl. You do well in so doing, by the Mass. It's a fine life I live here: I am tormented with a couple of young ramping Sluts; and then there's my Nephew's Wife, the most impertinent foolish Creature breathing. Then my Nephew is such a Coxcomb, he has studi'd these twenty years about the nature of Lice, Spiders, and Insects; and has been as long compiling a Book of Geography for the World in the Moon. Did he not give me my Boord for nothing, in hopes of my Estate, I'd not stay here—— But above all Villains, and tedious insipid

insipid Blockheads, this Sir *Formal* is the greatest; he is the most intollerable plague I have: I could —

With any Fools but Orators dispense,
Who love words so, they never care for sense.

ACT II.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, and Sir Samuel; (Sir Samuel in the habit of Longvil's Footman)

Bruce. **W**E are here to our wishes; and neither the Virtuoso, nor his Master of his Ceremonies within: If we could but meet with the Ladies now —

Sir Sam. Ay, if the Ladies were but here — you should see how I wou'd shew my parts. Whip-slap dash. I'd come up roundly with *Miranda*, faith Boys — ha —

Longv. A pox o' this Fellow, he'll be intollerable: I see there's no tampering with that Edge-tool call'd a Fool —

Sir Sam. I am disguis'd *Cap a pe* to all intents and purposes, and if any man manages an Intrigue better than I, I will never hope for a Masquerade more, or expect to Dance my self again into any Lady's affection, and about that business. Come aloft, *Sir Samuel*, I say —

Bruce. But, sweet *Sir Samuel*, if you discover your self, you will be turn'd out of the house, and we for company.

Sir Sam. Let me alone; pox, if I should be discover'd, I'll bring you off as round as a hoop, in the twinkling of an Oyster-shell. But gad I cannot conceal my self from my Mistress: my Love and Wit will break out now and then a little about the edges, or I shall burst, faith and troth.

Longv. Yonder come the Ladies — Good *Sam*, keep your Distance.

Sir Sam. My distance I why the Ladies are by themselves;

I'll present you to 'em, I'll introduce you: Come along, pull away, Boys. Now, my choice Lads. Hey poop, come aloft, Boy—— hah——

Longv. Do you hear, *Sir Samuel*, ask the Footman a little better, or by Heav'n I'll turn you out of my Livery.

Sir Sam. What a pox, you are upon the high Ropes now. Prethee, *Longvil*, hold thy peace, with a whip-stick, your nose in my breech: I know what I have to do mun—— Do you think to make a Fool of *Pil-garlick*?

Longv. By Heav'n, *Pil-garlick*, I'll cut your throat, if you advance beyond your post—— Stand Centry there.

Bruce. If you do not, *Sam*, you'll find your Master very cholerick, honest *Sam*.

Sir Sam. Cholerick! what a pox care I; how shall I shew my parts about this business? if I should stand here. Pshaw, Prethee hold thy peace——

Enter Clarinda and Miranda.

Longv. Sirra, stand there, and mind your waiting—— Damme stand still——

Sir Sam. What a pox does he mean now? O my Conscience and Soul he has been a drinking hard this morning, and is half seas over already.

Longv. Ladies, your humble Servant.

Bruce. How long have we pray'd to Heav'n for this opportunity of kissing your hands!

Clar. I see then you can be devout upon some occasions.

Longv. We shew'd our devotion sufficiently the first time we saw you; 'twas in a Church, Ladies——

Mir. Lord! that it should be our Fortune to see you in a place so little us'd by you.

Clar. I warrant they came hither as they do to a Play-house, looking out of some Eating-house, having nothing else to do in an idle after-noon.

Mir. 'Tis a wonder they do not come as the Sparks do to a Play-house too, full of Champagne, venting very much noise, and very little wit——

Longv.

Longv. What ever your intentions are, I am sure it is a very wicked thing for you to go to Church.

Mir. How so, Sir?

Bruce. Why to seduce zealous young men, as we might have been, but for you.

Clar. Your zeal will never do you hurt, I warrant you.

Longv. You for your part committed Sacriledge, and rob'd Heav'n of all my thoughts.

Mir. That's strange, for I assure you, none of mine e'r stray'd towards you.

Longv. I am glad to find you can be so very zealous: They that can be so very violent in that higher sort of zeal, will often be so in a lower. — I am glad to see my Mistress violent in any passion; 'tis ten to one Love will have its turn then.

Bruce. You could not but observe my great zeal to you, Madam; had I soar'd ne'r so high, you would have lured me down again.

Clar. Alas, Sir, you never soar so high, but any lure will bring you down with a swoop, I warrant you.

Mir. You are he that have pester'd me with your *Bills*: *Doux*: your fine little fashionable Notes t'w'd with silk.

Longv. Yes, I have presented several Bills of Love upon you, and you would never make good payment of any of em.

Mir. Would you have one answer a Bill of Love at sight? that's onely for substantial Traders: Young Beginners dare not venture, they ought to be cautious.

Longv. Not when they know him to be a responsible Merchant they have to deal with.

Mir. Such, who keep a correspondence with too many Factories, venture too much, and are in danger of breaking.

Clar. My Sister's in the right: 'Tis more dangerous to trust Love with such, than Money with Goldsmiths; especially considering most Men are apt to break in Womens debts. I have received several honourable Summons from you, if I would have accepted the Challenges.

Bruce. I onely provok'd you fairly into the open Field,

and,

and, 'gad, I wonder you had not honour enough to answer me.

Clar. You would have drawn me into some wicked ambush or other, Matrimony or worse, I warrant you —

Sir Sam. What a pox do these Fellows mean? I shall stand here till one of 'em has whipt away my Mistress about business, with a *Hixins Doxins*, with the force of *Repartee*, and this, and that, and every thing in the world. [Offers to go to *Clar.*

Longu. Why Sirra, Rascal!

Sir Sam. Ay, 'tis no matter for that. Madam —

[Pulls *Mir.* by the sleeve.

Longu. You impudent Dog.

[*Longu.* kicks him.

Sir Sam. Psha! psha! I care not a farthing for this. This is nothing, I am harden'd; I have been kill'd and beaten to all intents and purposes an hundred times, about intrigues and businesses. Madam, Madam, don't you know me?

Mir. What impudent sawcy Footman's this?

Bruce. Poor silly Rogue, he must be beaten into good manners.

Sir Sam. Ha-ha-ha, that's good i'faith! Poor silly Rogue! that's well. Ha-ha-ha. But all these kicks, and these businesses, and all that, we men of Intrigue must bear. Prethee, *Longu*, do not play the Fool; but let me discover my self —

Longu. Sirra, be gone, or I'll beat you most infinitely —

Madam, let us not trifle away those few happy minutes Fortune lends us Lovers. We know your streights, and how few opportunities we are like to have; and therefore let me tell you in short, I am most desperately in love with you.

Sir Sam. O Traitor! what says he? I must discover my self quickly about this business, or whip-slap — I shall be bob'd of my Mistress in the twinkling of a Bed-staff.

Mir. 'Tis true, our opportunities are like to be rare; but I'll improve this so well, we shall need no more — Good Sir, let it not transport you too much: for I do assure you, I am extremely and desperately out of love with you, and shall be so as long as I live.

Longu. Say you so, Madam? and are you absolutely and violently resolv'd upon this?

Mir. I am.

Longu.

Longv. Faith, Madam, I am glad to hear on't. I never knew a Woman absolutely resolve upon any thing, but she did the contrary.

Bruce. I hope you'll not take example by your hard-hearted Sister, to nip so hopeful a Love in the Bud; but nourish it, and in time 'twill bring forth fruit worth the gathering.

Clar. It shall produce none for me; it's a dangerous surfeiting fruit, and I'll ha' none on't.

Sir Sam. I'll sing a Song that I us'd to entertain 'em with, and that will discover me. I shall be even with these impudent Fellows.

Sings ———

She tript like a Barren Doe, &c.

Longv. 'Sdeath! what does this Rascal mean?

Bruce. Pox on him; he sings worse than an old Woman a spinning.

Clar. How's this? I have heard that charming voice: 'tis very like a Coxcomb's that used to come hither, one Sir Samuel Hearty.

Sir Sam. Peace, Envy, peace, Coxcomb; she never was so much in the wrong in her life: she was always malicious against me, because I cou'd not love her, poor Fool ——— Coxcomb, whip-stick, your Nose in my Breech ——— Pish.

Bruce. Hang him, let him discover himself.

Mir. 'Tis he sure — What project's this? he was ever a great Designer.

Sir Sam. I can hold no longer. Madam, have you lost your senses?

Longv. 'Sdeath! this Rascal puts me beyond all patience. Impudent Villain ——— [Kicks him,

Sir Sam. Ay, ay, it's no matter for that; it's no matter for that: I can bear any thing for my Mistress. Don't you know me yet?

Clar. 'Tis he: I'll make as if I did not know him, and we'll have excellent sport with him.

Mir.

Mir. Hold, Sir ; by your favour I am resolved to speak with him, and know the meaning of this.

Longv. Sirra.

Sir Sam. Psha! prethee hold thy tongue, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle, I say again. I knew I shou'd screw her up to the tune of Love—— Now do you know your faithful Servant *Sir Samuel?*

Mir. I do. But have a care ; if my Sister discovers you, you are undone.

Sir Sam. I warrant you I'll be as secret as a Cockle.

Mir. I am sorry you have been so exceedingly beaten and kick'd, Sir——

Sir Sam. Psha! psha! it's nothing, nothing. Come, come—— 'tis well its no worse—— Come, if any man in *England* out-does me in passive-valour about Intrigues, I am the Son of a Tinder-box——

Mir. Have a care, she suspects something——

Sir Sam. Ay, let me alone——

Clar. What sawcy impudent Footman's this? Correct his insolence, and send him hence, I like not his face——

Mir. The truth is, the Rascal is sawcy ; but he'll learn better manners.

Sir Sam. Good. How the Rogue's Love makes her dissimble! Ah cunning Toad!

Longv. Sdeath you Dog! I'll learn you better manners ; get you gone. [Kicks him.

Sir Sam. Pox on you, you over-act a Master, and kick too hard about business——

Longv. Do you hear, you nonsensical Owl, be gone out of the Garden, or by Heav'n I'll run my Sword in your guts——

Bruci. Hold, *Longvil*, do not kill him ; 'twill be something uncivil——

Sir Sam. Uncivil! what a pox do you talk? Uncivil! why 'twill be murder mun. Uncivil quoth a—— Well, I must begone with a cup of Content, to the Tune of a damn'd beating, or so—— This is a fine nimble piece of business, that a man cannot make love to his own Mistress. But I'll come up on him with a *Quare impedit*, and a good lusty Cup of Revenge

to boot———

[Exit Sir Samuel.]

Clar. We have discover'd your Fool. Do you want a Fool, that you must bring such a one as Sir *Samuel* along with you?

Mir. Perhaps they thought themselves not able to divert us, and brought him to assist them———

Longv. Faith, Ladies, if you make trial of us, if we be not able to divert you, you shall find us very willing.

Bruce. I am sure if we do not divert you from your cruel resolutions, we are the most undone men that ever sigh'd, and look'd pale for Ladies, yet———

Clar. I do not doubt but some Ladies, such as they are, may have made you look pale and wan.

Mir. But a civil Woman could never yet come near your hearts, or alter your faces.

Longv. The greatest Generals do not scape always unwounded; you have done my business, Madam.

Bruce. I have held out a long time against the Artillery of Ladies eyes; but a random shot has maul'd me at last.

Clar. That cannot be; you were the greatest Mutineers against civil Women that could be.

Mir. Always shewing your parts against Matrimony, and defending the tawdry, ill-bred fluttering Wenches o' the Town.

Longv. That may be, Madam; but we are taken off.

Bruce. Ay, Madam; we are taken off.

Clar. There's no trusting you: For though you seem to be taken off, as you call it, yet you'll stick fast to your good old Cause.

Mir. A Man often parts with his honesty, but never with his opinion for a Bribe———

Enter L. Gimcrack and Sir Samuel.

L. Gim. Mr. *Bruce* and Mr. *Longvil* in the Garden with my Nieces, say you! young Sluts! do they snap at all the Game that comes hither? what are they discoursing of?

Sir Sam. Why to the Tune of Love, Madam; what should young Gentlemen and Ladies talk of else?

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L. Gim.

L. Gim. O impudent Gill-firts! cannot one young Gentleman scape 'em? Are they making Love to my Nieces, say you?

Sir Sam. Yes, that they are, Madam, with a helter-skelter, whip-dash, as round as a hoop, what shou'd they do else? I'll retire——— [Exit.

L. Gim. That's Mr. *Bruce*, a fine strait well-bred Gentleman, of a pleasing form, with a charming air in his face. The other, Mr. *Longvil*, who has a pleasing sweetness in his countenance, an agreeable straitness, and a grateful composure and strength in his Limbs. I am distracted in my choice on whom to fix my affection. Let me see, which shall I like best? Mr. *Bruce* is a fine person really, and so is Mr. *Longvil*: and so is Mr. *Bruce* I vow, and so is Mr. *Longvil* I swear. In short, I like 'em both best, and these fluttering Sluts shall have none of 'em.

Clar. Prethee, Sister, let's change our men, and then we shall be troubled with no love from 'em——

Mir. Agreed. But if we be, it is shifting of our torment, and that's some ease. But hold, we are undone; here's my Aunt.

L. Gim. Gentlemen, your Servant. So, Nieces, you are soon acquainted with young Gentlemen, I see. It will in modesty besit you to retire.

Longv. We heard Sir *Nicholas* was at home, and took the liberty of a turn in the Garden:

Bruce. Where by accident we found these Ladies, who have done us the honour to entertain some discourse with us——

L. Gim. They are always ready to shew their little or no breeding; you must pardon them, they are raw Girls——

Clar. Thank Heav'n; we have not had the age and experience of your Ladiship.

Mir. We will leave your Reverend Ladiship, to shew your great wisdom and breeding.

L. Gim. How now, you pert Sluts—— [Exeunt *Clar.* and *Mir.* Gentlemen, you are not to take notice what these idle Girls say concerning my age: for I protest, Gentlemen, I exceed not Twenty two, upon my Honour I do not.

Longv. That's well; I remember her a Woman Twenty years ago.

Bruce.

Bruce. 'Tis true, [*Aside.*

'Tis impossible your Ladiship should be more.

Longv. You are in the very blossom of your age.

L. Gim. O Lord, Sirs! now, I swear, you do me too much honour. Yet had I not had some cares in the world, and, the truth on't is, been marri'd somewhat against my will, I might have look'd much better. But 'tis no matter for that, I'm dispos'd of—

Bruce. This is to let us know she does not care for her Husband.

Longv. She means to trust one or both of us.

L. Gim. Yet I confess, Sir *Nicholas* is a fine solitary Philosophical person. But my nature more affects the vigorous gait and jollity of Youth, than the fruitless speculations of Age.

Longv. Those fitter for your youth and blood. But may we not have the honour we were promis'd, of seeing Sir *Nicholas*?

L. Gim. The truth on't is, he is within, but upon some private business: but nothing shall be reserved from such accomplish'd persons as you are. The truth on't is, he's learning to swim.

Longv. Is there any Water hereabouts, Madam?

L. Gim. He does not learn to swim in the Water, Sir.

Bruce. Not in the Water, Madam! how then?

L. Gim. In his Laboratory, a spacious Room, where all his Instruments and fine Knacks are.

Longv. How is this possible?

L. Gim. Why he has a Swimming-Master comes to him.

Bruce. A Swimming-Master! this is beyond all president—
He is the most curious Coxcomb breathing— [*Aside.*

L. Gim. He has a Frog in a Bowl of Water, ty'd with a pack-thread by the loins; which pack-thread Sir *Nicholas* holds in his teeth, lying upon his belly on a Table; and as the Frog strikes, he strikes; and his Swimming-Master stands by, to tell him when he does well or ill.

Longv. This is the rarest Fop that ever was heard of.

Bruce. Few Virtuoso's can arrive to this pitch, Madam. This is the most curious invention I ever heard of.

L. Gim. Alas! he has many such. He is a rare Mechanick Phi-

Iosopher. The Colledge indeed refus'd him, they envy'd him.

Longv. Were it not possible to have the favour of seeing this Experiment?

L. Gim. I cannot deny any thing to such persons. I'll introduce you. [Exit.

SCENE opens,

And discovers Sir Nicholas learning to swim upon a Table, Sir Formal and the Swimming-Master standing by.

Sir Form. In earnest this is very fine: I doubt not, Sir, but in a short space of time, you will arrive at that curiosity in this watery Science, that not a Frog breathing will exceed you. Though, I confess, it is the most curious of all amphibious Animals (in the Art, shall I say, or rather Nature of Swimming.)

Swim. Mast. Ah! well struck, Sir Nicholas; that was admirable, that was as well swom as any man in England can. Observe the Frog. Draw up your Arms a little nearer, and then thrust 'em out strongly—Gather up your Legs a little more—So, very well — Incomparable——

Enter Bruce, Longvil, and L. Gimcrack.

Bruce. Let's not interrupt them, Madam, yet, but observe a little this great Curiosity.

Longv. 'Tis a noble Invention.

L. Gim. 'Tis a thing the Colledge never thought of.

Sir Nich. Let me rest a little to respire. So, it is wonderful, my noble Friend, to observe the agility of this pretty Animal, which, notwithstanding I impede its motion, by the detention of this Filum or Thred within my teeth, which makes a ligature about its loins, and though by many sudden stops I cause the Animal sometimes to sink or immerge, yet with indefatigable activity it rises, and keeps almost its whole body upon the superficies or surface of this humid Element. —

Sir Form. True, noble Sir; nor do I doubt but your Genius will make Art equal, if not exceed Nature; nor will this or any

any other Frog upon the face of the Earth out-swim you—

Sir. Nich. Nay, I doubt not, Sir, in a very little time to become amphibious; a man, by Art, may appropriate any Element to himself. You know a great many Virtuoso's that can fly; but I am so much advanc'd in the Art of Flying, that I can already out-fly that pond'rous Animal call'd a *Bustard*; nor should any Grey-hound in *England* catch me in the calmest day, before I get upon Wing: Nay, I doubt not, but in a little time to improve the Art so far, it will be as common to buy a pair of Wings to fly to the World in the Moon, as to buy a pair of Wax Boots to ride into *Suffex* with.

Sir Form. Nay doubtless, Sir, if you proceed in those swift gradations you have hitherto prosper'd in, there will be no difficulty in the noble enterprise, which is devoutly to be efflagitated by all ingenuous persons since the intelligence with that Lunary World wou'd be of infinite advantage to us, in the improvement of our Politicks.

Sir Nich. Right: for the Moon being *Domina humidorum*, to wit, the Governess of moist Bodies, has, no doubt, the superior Government of all Islands; and its influence is the cause so many of us are Dilirious and Lunatick in this. But having sufficiently refrigerated my lungs by way of respiration, I will return to my swimming —

Swim. Mast. Admirably well struck! rarely swum! he shall swim with any man in *Europe*

Sir Form. Hold, *Sir Nicholas*; here are those Noble Gentlemen and Philosophers, whom I invited to kiss your hands; and I am not a little proud of the honour of being the grateful and happy Instrument of the necessitude and familiar communication which is like to intervene between such excellent Virtuoso's.

Bruce. We are, *Sir Nicholas*'s, and your most humble Servants.

Longu. We shall think our selves much honoured with the knowledge of so celebrated a Virtuoso.

Sir Nich. You are right welcome into my poor Laboratory; and if in ought I can serve you in the way of Science, my nature is diffusive, and I shall be glad of communicating with such eminent Virtuoso's as I am let to know you are.

Longu.

Longv. We pretend to nothing more than to be your humble admirers.

Sir For. All the ingenious World are proud of *Sir Nicholas*, or his Physico-mechanical Excellencies.

Sir Nich. I confess I have some felicity that way; but were I as præcelling in Physico-Mechanical Investigations, as you in Tropical Rhetorical Flourishes, I wou'd yield to none.

Longv. How the Asses claw one another?

Bruce. We are both your admirers. But of all quaint Inventions, none ever came near this of Swimming.

Sir Form. Truly I opine it to be a most compendious method, that in a fortnights prosecution has advanc'd him to be the best Swimer of *Europe*. Nay, it were possible to swim with any Fish of his inches.

Longv. Have you ever tri'd in the Water, Sir?

Sir Nic. No, Sir; but I swim most exquisitely on Land.

Bruce. Do you intend to practise in the Water, Sir?

Sir Nic. Never, Sir; I hate the Water, I never come upon the Water, Sir.

Longv. Then there will be no use of Swimming.

Sir Nic. I content my self with the Speculative part of Swimming, I care not for the Practick. I seldom bring any thing to use, 'tis not my way. Knowledge is my ultimate end.

Bruce. You have reason, Sir; Knowledge is like Virtue, its own reward.

Sir Form. To study for use is base and mercenary, below the serene and quiet temper of a sedate Philosopher.

Sir Nich. You have hit it right, Sir. I never studi'd any thing for use but Physick, which I administer to poor people: you shall see my method.

Longv. Sir, I beseech you, what new curiosities have you found out in Physick?

Sir Nic. Why I have found out the use of Respiration, or Breathing, which is a motion of the Thorax and the Lungs, whereby the Air is impell'd by the Nose, Mouth, and Wind-pipe into the Lungs, and thence expell'd farther to elaborate the Blood, by refrigerating it, and separating its fuliginous steams.

Bruce.

Bruce. What a Secret the Rogue has found out?

Sir Nic. I have found too, that an Animal may be preserv'd without respiration, when the Wind-pipe's cut in two, by follicular impulsion of Air; to wit, by blowing Wind with a pair of Bellows into the Lungs.

Longu. I have heard of a Creature preserv'd by blowing wind in the Breech, Sir.

Sir Nic. That's frequent. Besides tho' I confess, I did not invent it, I have perform'd admirable effects by transfusion of Bloud; to wit, by putting the Bloud of one Animal into another.

Sir Form. Upon my integrity he has advanc'd transfusion to the Achme of perfection, and has the Ascendent over all the Virtuosi in point of that Operation. I saw him do the most admirable effects in the world upon two Animals; the one a Domestick Animal, commonly call'd a *Mangy Spaniel*; and a less Famellick Creature, commonly call'd a *Sound Bull-Dog*. Be pleas'd, Sir, to impart it.

Sir Nic. Why I made, Sir, both the Animals to be Emittent and Recipient at the sametime, after I had made Ligatures as hard as I could, for fear of strangling the Animals, to render the jugular Veins turgid, I open'd the Carotid Arteries, and Jugular Veins of both at one time, and so caus'd them to change Bloud one with another.

Sir Form. Indeed that which ensu'd upon the Operation was miraculous; for the *mangy Spaniel* became sound, and the *sound Bull-dog* mangy.

Sir Nic. Not onely so, Gentlemen, but the *Spaniel* became a *Bull-dog*, and the *Bull-dog* a *Spaniel*.

Sir Form. Which, considering the civil and ingenuous temper and education of the *Spaniel*, with the rough and untaught savageness and ill-breeding of the *Bull-dog*, may not undeservedly challenge the name of a Wonder.

Bruce. 'Tis an Experiment you'll deserve a Statue for.

Enter Clarinda, Miranda, and Sir Samuel.

Clar. Sir, I must beg your pardon for my intrusion: but I have

have found out such a practise upon my Sister, as will nearly concern you to prevent it.

Sir Sam. What does she mean now?

Sir Nic. Against *Miranda*, say you?

Clar. This Foot-man has brought a Letter, and has been tempting her from that vile Man, *Sir Samuel Hearty*. There 'tis.

Mir. 'Tis no matter for her persecution. Be confident of me, you can endure any thing——

Sir Sam. Ay, any thing, the most substantial beating under the Sun. I have had a pretty parcel o' kicks already about this business: but as long as I find love, I care not for kicking.

Longv. A pox o' this Rascal, he'll undo us——

Sir Nic. This is a Villain indeed, to tempt my Niece from that Knight; why he is a Spark, a Gallant, a Wit o' th' Town; the greatest debaucher of Youth, and corrupter of Ladies in England.

Sir Sam. The Rogue has hit me to a Cows thumb, he's as cunning a Fellow as any is within fourty shillings of his head.

[*Aside*

Sir Form. The man indeed has spruce, polite, Mercurial, and pretty concise parts; but he's a little too volatile and flashy: he would make a fine person if he were but solid.

Sir Sam. Good! solid! would he so? That's as dull a Fellow as a man would wish to lay his leg over.

Longv. I confess he is my Foot-man, but shall be no longer so; let him be soundly pump'd and tols'd in a blanket.

Sir Nic. Truly it is an injury beyond all sufferance, and; with your leave, I'll have him so exercis'd. Call in my people.

Sir Sam. Hold, hold, Sir! what do you mean? *Sir Samuel* desired me to deliver this Note; and he's a person I am much beholding to, that's all I know o' th' matter, onely that he is a fine Gentleman, and a witty facetious person as any wears a head.

Longv. Here! where are my Servants!

Enter Servants.

Sirra! Strip that Rascal's Coat over his ears,

Sir Sam.

Sir Sam. Hold, hold, *Longvill!* what, are you mad? I shall catch cold in the twinkling of a Bedstaff man.

Sir Nic. Do you hear, let him be taken, and first pumpt soundly, and then toss'd in a blanket.

Longv. Impudent Rascal! away with him.

Mir. Pump him soundly, impudent Fellow.

Sir Sam. Ah, my pretty little dissembling Rogue. [*Aside.*

Sir Nic. See it done to purpose, and then turn him out a doors.

Sir Sam. What a Devil shall I do? but she loves me still. Come — 'tis well its no worse — my intrigue goes on rarely — [*They hale him out.*

Clar. Let's see the execution.

Mir. Come on, let's see how generously he suffers.

[*Exit Clar. and Mir.*

Sir Nic. But now to return to my transfusion.

Longv. That was a rare Experiment of transfusing the blood of a Sheep into a Mad-man.

Sir Nic. Short of many of mine. I assure you I have transfus'd into a humane Vein 64 ounces, *Haver du pois* weight, from one Sheep. The emittent Sheep di'd under the Operation, but the recipient Mad-man is still alive; he suffer'd some disorder at first. The Sheep's blood being Heterogeneous, but in a short time it became Homogeneous with his own.

Sir Form. Ha! Gentlemen, was not this incomparable? but you shall hear more.

[*Enter Snarl.*

Sir Nic. The Patient from being Maniacal, or raging mad, became wholly Ovine or Sheepish; he bleated perpetually, and chew'd the Cud: He had Wool growing on him in great quantities, and a *Northamptonshire* Sheep's Tail did soon emerge or arise from his Anus, or humane Fundament.

Snarl. In sadness, Nephew, I am ashamed of you, you will never leave Lying and Quacking with your Transfusions and Fools tricks, I believe, if the blood of an Ass were transfus'd into a Virtuoso, you would not know the Emittent Ass

from the Recipient Philosopher, by the Mass:

Sir Nic. O Uncle! you'll have your way; he's a merry Gentleman.

Snarl. Pox! merry! prethee leave prating and lying; I am not merry, I am angry with such Coxcombs as you are.

Sir Form. Well, Sir, you are very pleasant, and will have your facetious pretty humours.

Snarl. You are the *Zany* to this Mountebank.

Sir Nic. Pray, Uncle, interrupt us not. To convince you, Gentlemen, of the truth of what I say, here is a Letter from the Patient, who calls himself the meanest of my Flock, and sent me some of his own Wool. I shall shortly have a Flock of 'em; I'll make all my Clothes of 'em, 'tis finer than Beaver. Here was one to thank me for the Cure by Sheeps blood just now——

Snarl. O yes! he did not speak, but bleated his thanks to you. In sadness you deserve to be hang'd. You kill'd four or five that I know with your transfusion——

Sir Nic. Sir, alas! those men suffer'd not under the Operation, but they were Cacochymious, and had deprav'd Viscera, that is to say, their Bowels were gangreen'd.

Snarl. Pish! I do not know what you mean by your damn'd Cacochymious canting; but they dy'd in sadness. Prethee make haste with your canting and lying, and let's go to dinner, or you shall quack by your self——

Longv. A pleasant blunt old Fellow——

Bruce. He's in the wrong in abusing Transfusion: for excellent Experiments may be made in changing one Creature into the nature of another.

Longv. Nay, it may be improved to that heighth, to alter the flesh of Creatures that we eat, as much as Grafting and Inoculating does Fruits——

Sir Nic. 'Tis very true, I do it, I use it to that end.

Snarl. Pox! let me see you invent any thing so useful as a Mousetrap, and I'll believe some of your Lies. Prethee I did not a Fellow cheat thee with Eggs, which he pretended were laid, with hairs in them, and you gave him ten shillings a piece for the Eggs; till I discover'd they were put in at a hole, made by a very fine Needle.

Sir Form.

Sir Form. Well, Mr. *Snarl*, you have the prettiest way of drolling. Gentlemen, pray let me recommend him to you, he's a fine facetious witty person indeed.

Snarl. You recommend me! Prethee, damn'd Orator, hold thy tongue. In sadness you are a foolish flashy Fellow——

Bruce. We shall be glad of the honour to know you.

Snarl. I desire no acquaintance with any young man of this Age, not I.

Longv. Why so, Sir?

Snarl. Why they are vicious illiterate foolish Fellows, good for nothing but to roar and make a noise in a Play-house. To be very brisk with pert Whores in Vizards, who, though never so ill-bred, are most commonly too hard for them at their own weapon, *Repartie*—— And when Whores are not there, they play Monkey-tricks with one another, while all sober men laugh at them.

Bruce. They are even with them, for they laugh at all sober men again.

Longv. No man's happy but by comparison. 'Tis the great comfort of all the world to despise and laugh at one another.

Snarl. But these are such unthinking Animals, and so weary of themselves, they can never be alone; always complaining of short life, yet never know what to do with the time they have.

Bruce. This snarling Fellow's sometimes in the right.

Snarl. Their top of their education is to smatter French: for in *France* they have been to learn French Vices to spend English Estates with; with an insipid gairty, which is to be flight and bright, very pert and very dull.

Sir Nic. Sir, I beseech you be civiller to my Friends.

Snarl. I am transported with passion against the young Fellows of the Age.

Longv. Old Fools always envy young Fools.

Snarl. They are all forward and positive in things they understand not; they laugh at any Gentleman that has Art or Science, and make it the property of a well-bred Gentleman to be good for nothing, but to make a Figure in the Drawing-room, set his Periwig in the Glass, smile, whisper, and make

legs and foolish faces foran hour or two, without one word of sense in sadness.

Bruce. The snarling Rogue's very tart upon the Youngsters!

Longv. When the pleasures of Wine and Women, the joys of Youth leave us, Envy and Malice, the lusts of Age, succeed 'em——

Snarl. Besides, they are all such whooring Fellows, in sadness I am asham'd of 'em. The last Age was an Age of Modesty——

Bruce. I believe there was the same Wenching then: 'onely they dissembled it. They added Hypocrisie to Fornication, and so made two sins of what we make but one.

Longv. After all his virtue, this old Fellow keeps a Whore. I'll tell you more on't.

Sir Nic. I hope you'll pardon the rough nature of my Uncle, who spares no body. Now if you please, Gentlemen, we'll retire. I am sorry I cannot perform the dissection of the Lobster, which I promis'd. My Fish-monger that serves me for that Operation, has fail'd me: but I'll assure you it is the most curious of all Testaceous or Crustaceous Animals whatsoever.

Sir Form. But we will read an Author, and sport about a little *Greek* and *Latine* before dinner. The one is a noble refection of the Mind, as the other is of the Body.

Longv. We wait on you.

Sir Nic. After dinner we will have a Lecture concerning the Nature of Insects, and will survey my *Microscopes*, *Tellescopes*, *Thermometers*, *Barometers*, *Pneumatick Engines*, *Stentrophonical Tubes*, and the like——

Bruce. We are infinitely oblig'd to you, Sir. But all this does not edifie with our Mistresses, *Longvil.*

Longv. We must find a way to get rid of these insipid Fools. I have a way to get rid of the Lady.

Sir Form. Gentlemen, we most humbly attend your motions.

Bruce. We wait on you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T

A C T III.

Enter Longvil and Miranda.

Longv. **D**EAR Madam! tender the life and welfare of a poor humble Lover.

Mir. What! a fashionable Gentleman of this Age, and a Lover! it is impossible! They are all Keepers, and transplant tawdry things from the *Exchange* or the *Play-house*, and make the poor Creatures run mad with the extremity of the alteration; as a young Heir, being kept short, does at the death of his Father.

Longv. I was never one of those, Madam: nothing but age and impotence can reduce me to that condition. I had rather kill my own Game, than send to a Poulterers. Besides, I never eat Tame things, when Wild of the same kind are in season. I hate your coop't cramb'd Lady; I love 'em as they go about, as I do your Barn-door Fowl.

Mir. 'Tis more natural indeed.

Longv. But had I been ne'r so wicked, you have made such an absolute whining Convert of me, that forgetting all shame and reproach from the Wits and Debauchees of the Town, I can be a Martyr for Matrimony.

Mir. Lord! that you should not take warning! Have not several of your married Friends, like those upon the Ladder, bidden all good people take warning by them.

Longv. For all that, neither Lovers nor Malefactors can take it; one will make experiment of Marriage, and th'other of Hanging at their own sad costs. Neither of the Executions will e'er be left off.

Mir. They are both so terrible to Women, 'tis hard to know which to chuse.

Longv. If you Ladies were willing, we men are apt to be civil upon easier terms.

Mir. No; those terms are harder than the other.

Longv.

Longv. You are so nimble, a man knows not which way to catch you.

Mir. Once for all I assure you, I will never be catch'd any way by you.

Longv. Do not provoke Love thus, lest he should revenge his cause, and make you doat upon some nauseous Coxcomb, whom all the Town scorns.

Mir. Let Love do what it will, I neither dare nor will talk on't any longer.

Longv. You are afraid of talking of Love, as some are of reading in a Conjuring-book, for fear it should raise the Devil.

Mir. What ever you can say, will as soon raise one as the other in me. But I must take leave of you and your Similies. My Uncle will want you.

Longv. Will you not in charity afford me one interview more this after-noon?

Mir. Provided I hear not one word of Love, and my Uncle and Aunt be secure; I shall be in the Walk on the East-side of the Garden an hour hence. But, by your leave, I shall meet another there—— [*Aside.*] [*Exit Mir.*]

Longv. A thousand thanks for the honour. Yonder comes Bruce and Clarinda; I'll retire—— [*Exit Longv.*]

Enter Bruce and Clarinda.

Bruce. I have taken more pains to single you out, than ever Wood-man did for a Deer.

Clar. If the Wood-man were no better a Marks-man, the Deer would be safe for all his singling. Besides, I am not so tame to stand a Shot yet, I thank you ——

Bruce. Lovers are quick Atmers, and can shoot flying.

Clar. Not, if they fly so fast as I shall from you.

Bruce. Come, I see this way will not do; I'll try another with you. Ah, Madam! change your cruel intentions, or I shall become the most desolate Lover, that ever yet, with arms across, sigh'd to a murmuring Grove, or to a purling Stream complain'd. Savage! I'll wander up and down the Woods,
and

and carve my passion on the Barks of Trees, and vent my grief to Winds, that as they fly shall sigh and pity me.

Clar. How now! what foolish Fustian's this? you talk like an Heroick Poet.

Bruce. Since the common down-right way of speaking sense wou'd not please you, I had a mind to try what the Roman-tick way of whining Love cou'd do.

Clar. No more of this. I had rather hear the tatling of Gossips at an Upsitting, or Christning, nay, a Phatick Sermon, or, which is worse than all, a dull Rhiming Play, with nothing in't but lewd Hero's buffing against the Gods.

Bruce. Why, I'll try any sort of Love to please you, Madam: I'll shew you that of a gay Coxcomb; with his full plumes, strutting and rustling about his Mistress, like a Turkey-cock, baiting her with brisk airy motion, and fashionable nonsense, thinking to carry her by dint of Periwig and Garniture, or by chanting some pretty foolish Sonnet of *Phyllis* or *Calio*; or, at best, treating her with nothing but ends of Plays, or second-hand Jest, which he runs on Tick with witty men for, and is neverable to pay them again.

Clar. No, there are too many of these fine Sparks you talk of, who perhaps may be very clinquant, slight and bright, and make a very pretty show at first; but the Tinsel-Gentleman do so tarnish in the wearing, there's no enduring them.

Bruce. But I am of good metall, Madam, and so true, that I shall abide any Touch-stone, even that of Marriage.

Clar. But it's an ill bargain, where I must buy my Metall first, and touch it afterwards.

Bruce. You shall touch it first, Madam, and if you do not like it, I'll take it again, and no harm done.

Clar. No: I'll take care there shall be no harm done. Pray divert this unseasonable Discourse of Love, for I will never hear on't more. Farewell. I see my Lady Gimmerack in the Garden.

Bruce. Let me but beg to have one Treaty more with you this afternoon: If I convince you not of the error of your hard heart, I must submit and be miserable.

Clar. If you love to hear the same thing again, I will declare

it to you an hour hence in the green Walk on the other side the Wilderness — Farewel — But, by your leave, you shall find another in my place — [Exit Clar.

Enter Lady Gimcrack at another door.

Bruce. Your Ladiship's humble Servant:
I have been taking the fresh air in the Garden, Madam.

L. Gim. I am come with the same intention, and am happy in the company of a person, who is so much a Gentleman.

Bruce. Your Ladiship does me too much honour.

L. Gim. By no means, Sir; your accomplishments command respect from all Ladies. I doubt not but you have been happy in many Ladies affections —

Bruce. What will this come to? — [Aside.

L. Gim. But Women will be frail, while there are such persons in the world, that's most certain.

Bruce. Your Ladiship's in a merry humour, to railly a poor young Gentleman thus.

L. Gim. Far be it from me, I swear; your perfections are so prevalent, that were I not in honour engag'd unto Sir Nicholas (and Honour has the greatest Ascendent in the world upon me) I assure you I wou'd not venture my self alone with such a person: But Honour's a great matter, a great thing, I'll vow and swear.

Bruce. You Ladies will abuse your humble Servants; we are born to suffer.

L. Gim. Lord, Sir, that you shou'd take me to be in jest! I swear I am in earnest, and were I not sure of my Honour, that never fail'd me in a doubtful occasion, I would not give you this opportunity of tempting my frailty; not but that my virtuous inclinations are equal with any Ladies: but there is a prodigious Witch-craft in opportunity. But Honour does much, yet opportunity is a great thing, I swear, a great thing.

Bruce. Ay, Madam, if we use it when it offers it self.

L. Gim. How, Sir! ne'r hope for't! ne'r think on't! I wou'd not for all the world I protest. Let not such thoughts of me enter into your head. My Honour will protect me. I make

make use of an opportunity ——— I am none of those, I assure you.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! how apprehensive she is? I shall forget the Speculative part of Love with *Clarinda*, and fall to the practice with her. But I shall ne'r hold out that long journey, without this or some other bait by the way.

L. Gim. Yet, as I was saying, opportunity's a bewitching thing. Let all Ladies beware of opportunity, I say: for alas, if we were not innocent and virtuous now, what use might we make of this opportunity now?

Bruce. She's so damnably affected, and silly, 'twou'd pall any one's appetite but mine. Folly and affection are as nauseous as deformity. [Aside.]

L. Gim. Should we now retire into that cool Grotto for refreshment, the censorious world might think it strange; but Honour will preserve me. Honour's a rare thing, I swear, I defy temptation.

Bruce. You'll not give a man leave to trouble you with much. I have not observ'd that Grotto; shall I wait on you to survey it?

L. Gim. Ay Sir, with all my heart to survey that; but if you have any wicked intentions, I'll swear you'll move me prodigiously. If your intentions be dishonourable, you'll provoke me strangely.

Bruce. Try me, Madam.

L. Gim. Hold! hold! have a care what you do. I will not try if you be not sure of your Honour. I'll not venture, I protest.

Bruce. What ever you are of mine, you are sure of your own.

L. Gim. Right, that will defend me. Now tempt what you will, though we go in, nay, though we shut the door too: I fear nothing; it's all one to me as long as I have my Honour about me. Come.

Bruce. Yonder comes *Longvil*, Madam.

L. Gim. For Heav'n's sake remove from me, or he'll suspect my Honour.

Bruce. So, this accident has preserv'd me honest. I am a, constant,

constant a Lover as any man in England, when I have no opportunity to be otherwise—— [Exit Bruce.]

Enter Longvil.

L. Gim. Fa-la-la-la! O me, Sir! I swear you frightened me! I protest my heart was at my mouth. Alas! I shall not recover the disorder a good while.

Longv. What's the matter, Madam?

L. Gim. You brought a Gentleman that's dead so fresh into my mind, one that was the first Object of my Vows and Affections, not expecting to see you here. I vow I thought it had been his Ghost, upon my word.

Longv. I am happy in resembling any one you could love, Madam.

L. Gim. I have long forgotten my passion for him; but the sight of you did stir in me a strange *J'en ne sçai quoi* towards you: and but that I am another's now—— otherwise—— But I say too much.

Longv. (*aside.*) I have been too much acquainted with her character to doubt her meaning. Madam, you honour me so much, I cannot acknowledge it enough by my words, my hearty actions shall speak my thanks.

L. Gim. Actions! Oh Heav'n! what actions? I hope you mean honourably. I swear you brought all the blood of my body into my face. Actions, said you! I hope you are a person of honour, my Honour's dearer to me than the whole World. I would not violate my Reputation for the whole Earth.

Longv. Let us retire, Madam. If I do not show my self a man of Honour, may your Ladieship renounce me.

L. Gim. Retire! Heav'n forbid! Are we not private enough? Well, you put me more and more in mind of my first Love, I swear you do.

Longv. By your leave, *Miranda*, I can hold no longer. Though I am a rustic as Steel, any handsome Woman will strike fire on me. Let us repose a while in the Grotto, Madam.

L. Gim. O Heav'n, Sir! do not tempt me. What, give my self

self an opportunity! Consider my Honour, Sir; I am another's.

Longv. And shall be so still, Madam; whatsoever use I shall make of your Ladiship, I shall return you again, and ne'r alter the property. Dear Madam, retire.

L. Gim. O Lord, Sir! what do you mean? you fright me so, I protest my heart is at my mouth. I am no such person. Dear Sir, mistake me not, misconstrue not my freedom; I wou'd not for the world. — Well, I swear you are to blame now, never stir you are — But 'tis your first fault, I can forgive you.

Longv. I am sorry I have offended. But let us retire into the Grotto, and I'll make as many acknowledgments as I can.

L. Gim. Well, Sir, since you are a little more civil, I am content for discourse sake, for I love discourse mightily.

Longv. Well, I am a Rogue. Dear *Miranda*, forgive me this once. Come, dear Madam.

L. Gim. I'll follow. But d'ye hear, Sir, if you be the least uncivil, upon my honour I'll cry out. Remember, Sir, I give you warning. Do not think on't, I swear and vow I will; do not, I say, do not.

Longv. No, no, I warrant you; I'll trust you for that. How fearful she is I should not think on't? *[Aside.]*

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Sweet Mr. *Longvil*, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* desires your noble presence: he being now ready to impart those Secrets about Insects, which I dare be bold to say, no Virtuoso, Domestick or Foreign, has explor'd but himself.

Longv. I wait on you.

Sir Form. I humbly kiss your Ladiship's fair hands.

[Exit Longvil and Sir Formal.]

L. Gim. Shame on this unlucky Fellow: I have discover'd the cross love between my Nieces and these Gentlemen, and will make work with it.

Enter Maid to Lady Gimcrack.

Maid. Madam, here's a Letter for your Ladiship; the Messenger wou'd deliver it to none but me.

L. Gim. Ha! it is from my dear Hazard.

Reads. Madam, I am extremely impatient to see your Ladiship at the old place of assignation, as well for a great deal of Love, as for a little Business.

L. Gim. Well, I will go, though it cost me money. I know that's his little business. I know not why we Ladies should not keep as well as Men sometimes. But I shall neglect my important affair with these two fine sweet persons. But that's uncertain, this is sure, [Exit.

Enter Snarl and Mrs. Figgop.

Snarl. How happy am I in thy love! here I can find retreat, when tir'd with all the Rogues and Fools in Town.

Fig. Ay, Dearest! come to thine own Miss; she loves thee, Buddy, poor Buddy. Coachee, coachee.

Snarl. O my poor Rogue. But when didst thou see thy Friend Mrs. Flirt, my Nephew Gimcrack's Mistress?

Fig. O shame on her! out upon her! O name her not.

Snarl. Why, what's the matter, Bird?

Fig. O filthy Creature, I cannot abide her; she's nought; she's nought.

Snarl. Why, what's the matter, Figg? what has she done to thee?

Fig. Done! I'll never forgive her while I ha' breath. Do not speak of her, she's a base Creature; name her not, I ha' done with her.

Snarl. Has she affronted thee, poor Rogue? I'll have her maul'd. Filthy Creature.

Fig. Ay, Birds-nyes, she's a Quean. But do not thee trouble thy self with her, 'tis no matter.

Snarl.

Snarl. I will know what she has done to thee. In sadness, if you do not tell me, I won't love thee, Pigs-nie.

Fig. Well, I will; but won't you laugh at me then?

Snarl. No, by the Mass, not I.

Fig. Nay, but thou wilt, Bird.

Snarl. In sadness I won't.

Fig. Why would you think it? I wish I might ne'r stir out o'this place, if the lewd Carrion had not the impudence to tell me, that Sir Nicholas Gimcrack was a handsomer man than thou art. No, I'll ne'r forgive her while I ha' breath.

Snarl. Poor Rogue! thou art a dear Creature, in sadness.

Fig. Impudent Flirts! But I swear our Sex grows so vicious and infamous, I am ashamed of 'em, they have no modesty in 'em.

Snarl. In sadness it's a very wicked Age; men make no conscience o'their ways, by the Mass. In the last Age we were modest and virtuous, we spent our time in making visits, and playing at Cards with the Ladies, so civil, so virtuous, and well-bred.

Fig. For my part, I blush at the impudent Creatures of the Town, that's the truth on't.

Snarl. So do I, in sadness. To see Villains wrong their sweet Wives, and, while they keep them short, let little dowdy Strumpets spend their Estates for 'em, by the Mass my heart bleeds, to see so great a decay of Conjugal affection in the Nation.

Fig. Out upon 'em, filthy Wenches; I wonder they dare shew their harden'd faces. They are so bold, 'tis a burning shame they should be suffer'd, I vow.

Snarl. Nay, the young Coxcombs are worse; nothing but swearing, drinking, whoring, tearing, ranting, and roaring. In sadness I shou'd be weary of the world for the vices of it, but that thou comfortst me sometimes, Buddy.

Fig. Prethee, dear Numps, talk no more of 'em, I spit at 'em; but I love n'own Buddy Mun. Predee kiss me.

Snarl. Ah poor Budd, poor Rogue! we are civil now; what harm's in this?

Fig. Nane, none. Poor Dear, kiss again, Mun.

Snarl.

Snarl. Ah poor thing. In sadness thou shalt have this Purse; nay, by the Mass thou shalt.

Fig. Nay pish! I cannot abide the money, not I; I love thee, thou art a civil, discreet, sober person of the last Age.

Snarl. Ah poor little Rogue! in sadness I'll bite thee by the lip, i'faith I will. Thou hast incens'd me strangely, thou hast fir'd my blood, I can bear it no longer, i'faith I cannot. Where are the Instruments of our pleasure? Nay, prethee do not frown, by the Mass thou shalt do't now.

Fig. I wonder that should please you so much, that pleases me so little?

Snarl. I was so us'd to't at *Westminster-School*, I could never leave it off since.

Fig. Well: look under the Carpet then if I must.

Snarl. Very well, my dear Rogue. But dost hear, thou art too gentle. Do not spare thy pains. I love Castigation mightily ——— So, here's good provision.

[*Pulls the Carpet, three or four great Rods fall down.*]

Within. Ho there within! open the door. 'Sdeath I'll break it open. What Rascal have you got with you? I'll maul him.

Fig. O Heav'n! this Rascal will undo me. What shall I do? 'Tis my Brother.

Snarl. In sadness I shall be ruin'd.

Fig. Run, ran, if you love me, into the Wood-hole quickly. I'll get rid of him. For Heav'n's sake take the Birch along with you.

Snarl. Ah Hectoring Rascal! we had none o'this in the last Age. Rogues! Dogs! A man cannot be in a private with a Sister, but he must be disturb'd by th'impertinent Brother, in sadness.

Fig. In! in! I'll out to him. ——— [Exit.

Sir Nicholas, Sir Formal, Bruce, Longvil.

Sir Form. I do assure you, Gentlemen, no man upon the face of the earth is so well seen in the Nature of Ants, Flies, Humble-Bees, Ear-wigs, Millepedes, Hogs-hice, Maggots, Mites in

in a Cheese, Todpoles, Worms, Neufits, Spiders, and all the noble products of the Sun, by equivocal Generation.

Sir Nic. Indeed I ha' found more curious Phenomena in these minute Animals, than in those of vaster magnitude.

Longu. I take the Ant to be a most curious Animal.

Sir Nic. More curious than all Oviperous or Egg-laying Creatures in the whole World. There are three sorts, Black, Dark-brown, and Fillamot.

Longu. Right, Sir.

Sir Nic. The Black will pinch the Dark-brown with his forceps, till it kills it upon the place; the like will the Dark-brown do by the Fillamot. I have dissected their Eggs upon the object Plate of a Microscope, and find, that each has within it an included Ant, which has adhering to its Anus or Fundament, a small black speck, which becomes a Vermicle, like a Mite, which I have watch'd whole days and nights; and *Sir Form* has watch'd 'em thirty hours together.

Longu. A very pretty employment.

Sir Form. And a long time we cou'd find no motion, but that of Flexion and Extension: but at last it becomes an Ant, Gentlemen.

Bruce. What does it concern a man to know the Nature of an Ant?

Longu. O it concerns a Virtuoso mightily: so it be Knowledge, 'tis no matter of what.

Bruce. Sir, I take 'em to be the most politick of all Insects.

Sir Form. You have hit it, Gentlemen; they have the best Government in the world: What do you opine it to be?

Longu. O! a Common-wealth most certainly.

Sir Nic. Worthy Sir, I see you are a great Observer; it is a Republick resembling that of the States General.

Bruce. Undoubtedly! and the Dutch are just such industrious and busie Animals.

Sir Form. Right. But now I beseech you be pleas'd to communicate some of your quainter Observations to these Philosophers, about those subtil and insidious Animals, call'd Spiders.

Sir Nic. I think I have found out more Phenomena's or Appearances

Appearances of Nature in Spiders, than any man breathing: Wou'd you think it? there are in *England* six and thirty several sorts of Spiders; there's your Hound, Grey-hound, Lurcher, Spaniel Spider.

Longv. But above all, your Tumbler-Spider is most admirable.

Sir Nic. O Sir, I am no stranger to't: it catches Flies as Tumblers do Conies.

Bruce. Good! how these Fools will meet a lie half-way.

Longv. Great Liars are always civil in that point; as there is no lie too great for their telling, so there's none too great for their believing.

Sir Nic. The Fabrick or Structure of this Insect, with its Texture, is most admirable.

Sir Form. Nor is its Sagacity, or Address, less to be wonder'd at, as I have had the honour to observe under my noble Friend; as soon as it has spi'd its Prey, as suppose upon a Table, it will crawl under-neath till it arrive to the Antipodes of the Fly, which it discovers by sometimes peeping up; and if the capricious Fly happens not to remove it self by crural motion, or the vibration of its wings, it makes a fatal leap upon the heedless Prey, of which, when it has satisfied its appetite, it carries the remainder to its Cell, or Hermitage.

Sir Nic. It will teach its young ones to hunt, and discipline 'em severely when they commit faults; and when an Old one misses its Prey, it will retire, and keep its Chamber for grief, shame and anguish, ten hours together.

Sir Form. Upon my Integrity it is true, for I have several times, by *Sir Nicholas's* command, watch'd the Animal, upon this or the like miscarriages.

Sir Nic. But, Sir, there is not in the world a more docible Creature, I have kept several of 'em tame.

Bruce. That curious indeed. I never heard of a tame Spider before.

Sir Nic. One above all the rest, I had call'd him *Nick*, and he knew his name so well, he wou'd follow me all over the house; I fed him indeed with fair Flesh-flies. He was the best natur'd, best condition'd Spider, that ever I met with. You
knew

knew *Nick* very well, *Sir Formal*, he was of the Spaniel-breed,
Sir——

Sir Form. Knew him! I knew *Nick* intimately well.

Longv. These Fools are beyond all that Art or Nature e'r
 produc'd.

Bruce. These are the admirable Secrets they find out—

Longv. Have you observ'd that delicate Spider, call'd *Tarantula*?

Sir Nic. Now you have hit me, now you come home to me;
 why I travell'd all over *Italy*, and had no other affair in the
 world, but to study the secrets of that harmonious Insect.

Bruce. Did you not observe the Wildom, Policies, and Cu-
 stoms of that ingenuous People?

Sir Nic. Oh by no means! 'Tis below a Virtuoso to trou-
 ble himself with Men and Manners. I study Insects; and I have
 observ'd the *Tarantula* does infinitely delight in Musick,
 which is the reason of its poison being drawn out by it.
 There's your Phenomenon of Sympathy!

Longv. Does a *Tarantula* delight so in Musick?

Sir Nic. Oh extravagantly. There are three sorts, Black,
 Grey, and Red, that delight in three several sorts and modes
 of Musick.

Bruce. That was a curious Inquisition; how did you
 make it?

Sir Nic. Why I put them upon three several Chips in Wa-
 ter; then caus'd a Musician to play, first, a grave Pavin, or
 Almain, at which the black *Tarantula* onely mov'd; it danc'd
 to it with a kind of grave motion, much like the Benchers at
 the Revels.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Gentleman that's going for *Lapland*, *Russia*,
 and those parts, is come for your Letters and Queries which
 you are to send thither.

Sir Nic. I'll wait on him. I keep a constant correspondence
 with all the Virtuoso's in the North and North-East parts.
 There are rare Phenomena's in those Counreys. I am be-
 holding

holding to *Finland, Lapland, and Russia* for a great part of my Philosophy. I send my Queries thither. Come, *Sir Formal*, will you help me to dispatch him?

Sir Form. I am proud to serve you.

Sir Nic. Be pleas'd to take a turn in the Garden. When we have dispatch'd, we will impart more of our Microscopical investigations.

Bruce. Your humble Servant—— This is a happy deliverance.

[*Exeunt Sir Form. and Sir Nic.*]

Longu. I have remov'd the Lady by writing to *Hazard*, to send for her, and keep her an hour or two.

Bruce. And I have sent my Man to find out *Sir Nicholas* his Strumpet, as soon as he has found her, she'll send for him.

Longu. For all his Virtue and Philosophy. This grave Fool will be in the fashion too. Now if we can get rid of this wordy Fool, *Sir Formal*, we have the Ladies to our selves. In the mean time, let's to our several and respective assignations.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Miranda in the Garden.

Mir. What shall I say to this *Bruce*? Oh unjust Custom! that has made Women but passive in Love, as if Nature had intended us for Cyphersonely, to make up the Number of the Creation.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Yonder's my *Clarinda*: Now Love inspire me, I am infinitely transported with this honour you do me.

Mir. If I have done you any honour, pray make your best on't.

Bruce. Is it you, Madam? this honour was unexpected.

Mir. Why, whom did you expect? O I see you are not so much transported as you thought you were.

Bruce. The honour of your Ladships company I did not expect.

Mir. Nor much care for, I see,

Bruce.

Bruce. 'Twere blasphemy if I should say so. 'Twas your Sister I expected.

Mir. My Sister ! so, I am not fit for your company, it seems.

Bruce. If I wou'd tell you how I prize the honour, I shou'd invade the interest of my Friend.

Mir. Your Friend ! if you had no more interest in him, than I am resolv'd he shall ever have in me : he'd be the worst Friend you have.

Bruce. He's a man of Honour, and of Wealth : and if any man cou'd deserve you, he might.

Mir. The World is not so barren, but I have found a fitter man : But, Sir, 'twas not my Sister ; 'twas my Lady *Gimcrack* you hop'd to meet here. You are a man of Honour. The Grotto is a fine Scene of Love. The Lady not very unwilling, 'twas well you were interrupted, Sir.

Bruce. 'Sdeath ! how came she to know that ? but I must bear it out ; I cannot ghes your meaning : but I see you love your Sister well, to be jealous of her.

Mir. No, I assure you, I have no reason to be jealous for her : for, to my knowledge, she has irrecoverably dispos'd of her heart in another place.

Bruce. What's that ? what says she ? She's certainly jealous for her self then. There must be something in this.

Mir. In what confusion am I ? This can never end well : What ! I see you are troubled that I have told you a Secret of my Sisters, and discover'd one of yours. Come, walk and consider on't.

Bruce. I am surpris'd so, I know not what to do in this exigence———

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Longvil and Clarinda.

Clar. You stare about like a Hare-finder : what's the matter ?

Longv. Faith, Madam, I expected to have met your Sister here.

Clar. Say you so ? the truth on't is, she desired me to take the trouble off her hands.

Longv. I am sorry, Madam, she thinks it so.

Clar. You see, Sir, I am content to suffer for her sake.

Longv. You have a mind to try me for your Sister, Madam.

Clar. No: I assure you, Sir, she's resolved never to make trial of you her self, nor by another.

Longv. What can the meaning of this be?

Clar. Come, Sir, I will be a little plainer with you; She has dispos'd of her heart to another, without power of revocation.

Longv. Why wou'd she not meet me, to tell me so her self?

Clar. She thought me fitter for't: besides, perhaps this has given her an opportunity to see one she likes better.

Longv. I see, Madam, she has not the same kindness for you, to send you to one she likes so ill.

Clar. You do not know, but she may have taken as great a trouble off my hands, and kept me from one I like as ill, as she does you.

Longv. There's nothing but Riddle in Woman, they deceive as much with the Vizards of their mind, as they do with those of their faces——

Clar. I discover Sir *Formal*. We must be private no longer.

[As they are going out,

Enter Bruce and Miranda.

Longv. So *Bruce*, you are a happy man, I see.

Bruce. You are a pleasant one, I see: you and I must come to a clearing of this business.

Longv. Ladies, we have something to impart to you, but shall be hindred by this Coxcomb, Sir *Formal*.

Clar. We must have some consultations too with you. Sister, we'll catch him in a Trap——

Mir. Here's a Trap-door of a Vault, where my Uncle keeps his Bottles of Air, which he weighs, of which you'll hear more anon. We'll snap him in that, and then we shall have the place to our selves.

Enter

Enter Sir Formal.

Clar. Let me alone, I'll catch him.

Sir Form. Gentlemen and Ladies, some affairs have engag'd my noble Friend, Sir *Nicholas* to borrow himself of you a while; and he has commanded me to payn my person till he shall redeem it with his own.

Mir. Very quaintly express'd. We were just desiring your company.

Clar. And we were admiring this Talent of yours, your excellent manner of speaking; and I've engag'd to give you a Subject to shew your parts upon to these Gentlemen.

Sir Form. What ever is within the Sphere of my activity, you must command. I must confess, I have some felicity in speaking.

Mir. Dear Sister, give him a Subject; you shall hear what Oracles hang on his lips. 'Tis all one what Subject he speaks upon, great or little.

Sir Form. That it is, Madam; we Orators speak alike upon all Subjects—— My speeches are all so subtilly design'd, that what ever I speak in praise of any thing, with very little alteration, will serve in praise of the contrary.

Clar. Let it be upon seeing a Mouse inclosed in a Trap.

Sir Form. 'Tis all one to me, I am ready to speak upon all occasions.

Clar. Stand there, Sir, while we place our selves on each side.

Sir Form. I kiss your hand, Madam. Now I am inspir'd with Eloquence. Hem! hem! Being one day, most noble Auditors, musing in my Study upon the too fleeting condition of poor humane-kind, I observed, not far from the Scene of my Meditation, an excellent Machine, call'd a Mouse-trap (which my Man had plac'd there) which had included in it a solitary Mouse, which pensive Prisoner, in vain bewailing its own misfortunes, and the precipitation of its too unadvised attempt, still struggling for liberty against the too stubborn opposition of solid Wood, and more obdurate Wyer:

at

at last, the pretty Malefactor having tir'd, alas, its too feeble limbs, till they became languid, in fruitless endeavours for its excarceration. The pretty Felon, since it could not break Prison, and its offence being beyond the benefit of the Clergy, could hope for no Bail, at last sate still pensively lamenting the severity of its Fate, and the narrowness of its, alas! too withering durance: After I had contemplated a while upon the no little curiosity of the Engine, and the subtilty of its Inventor; I began to reflect upon the inticement which so fatally betray'd the uncautious Animal to its sudden ruine, and found it to be the too, alas! specious bait of *Cheshire-Cheese*, which seems to be a great delicate to the pallat of this Animal, who, in seeking to preserve its life, O misfortune, took the certain means to death; and searching for its livelihood, had sadly encountred its own destruction. Even so——

Clar. Now let the Trap go——

Sir Form. Even so, I say.

Clar. Even so, I say, have I catch'd the Orator—— [He sinks.

Sir Form. Help! help! murder! [Below.

Longu. Let the florid Fool lie there.

Mir. I warrant him.

Bruce. He uses as many Tropes and Flourishes about a Mouse-trap, as he would in praise of *Alexander*.

Enter Sir Samuel in Woman's habit.

Sir Sam. This is the subt'lest disguise to make love in that e'r was invented; this has serv'd me upon many intrigues. Well, the shall see, for all the sufferings of this day, to the Tune of Kicking, Beating, Pumping, and Tossing in a Blanket, and and all that, that nothing shall hinder me in my Love. Shall *Sir Samuel* be frighted from an Intrigue? No!

Longu. Whom have we here?

Sir Sam. Ladies, I was commanded by my Lady *Pleasant* to wait on you with choice of good things, which, she told me, you wou'd buy.

Mir. What's the meaning of this?

Clar.

Clar. Since she came from my Lady, we must see what she would sell.

Sir Sam. I have choice of good Gloves, Amber, Orangery, Genoa Romane, Frangipand, Neroly, Tuberoſe, Jeſſimine, and Marſhal; all manner of Tires for the Head, Locks, Tours, Frowzes, and ſo forth; all manner of Waſhes, Almond-water, and Mercury-water for the Complexion; the beſt *Peter* and *Spaniſh* Paper that ever came over; the beſt *Pomatus* of *Europe*, but one rare, one made of a Lamb's Caul and May dew — Alſo all manner of Confections of Mercury and Hogs bones, to preſerve preſent, and to reſtore loſt Beauty. If any out-does me in theſe buſineſſes, or have better Goods than I, I am the Son of a Tinder-box. O Devil! what did I ſay? I ſhall betray my ſelf——

Mir. How's this, the Son of a Tinder-box?

Sir Sam. Fiſh, I mean the Daughter of a Tinder-box.

Bruce. This is the Rascal *Sir Samuel* in diſguiſe.

Sir Sam. In the firſt place try a pair of Gloves, Madam, don't you know me?

Mir. How ſhou'd I know you?

Sir Sam. Let me tell you, *Sir Samuel's* as true a Lover, as e'r wore a head.

Clar. What's the meaning of this private diſcourſe?

Sir Sam. Pox on her envy; ſhe's always for a Cup of Miſchief. I'll put this Note into a Glove, and that will do my buſineſs. Slap-daſh—— as flat as a Flounder. I have no private buſineſs—— Be pleas'd to try on this Glove, Madam. Do not you know me yet?—— I am *Sir Samuel*.

Mir. What's this? a Note within it.

Sir Sam. Keep it to your ſelf.

Clar. What Note's that? from *Sir Samuel Hearty*? Oh Heav'n! this is a Bawd.

Longv. A down-right Bawd, and Bawd to that Rascal.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! pull the Bawd in pieces.

Mir. Lay hold on the Bawd, we'll have her Carted. Seize her, till *Sir Nicholas* comes in; we'll have her ſent to Bridewel, and ſoundly whipt there, and then Carted.

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Bruce, H

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FOXING AND. BAD PRINT
MAKES. SEVERAL

PAGES. APPEAR BLURRED
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Sir Sam. So! this is a fine merry way of proceeding. Have made

made nimble work on't. Let me go, I am an honest woman, and labour in my vocation. Let me go, or as I am an honest man, I'll sue you about this business.

Longo. How's this? a Man! nay then I'll try a good kicking upon you.

Sir Sam. Hold! hold! What do you mean to beat a Woman? will you make me miscarry? I am with child, and, for ought I know, you have kill'd that within me.

Bruce. You said, As you were an honest man.

Sir Sam. O Duncethat I am! That's a way I have of expressing my self. But I'll make you know I am a Woman.

Mir. It is my Fool *Sir Samuel*; prethee, *Clarinda*, let's put him to *Sir Formal*, and secure him till my Uncle comes; it will make excellent sport.

Clar. Do you set him upon the Trap, it will do rarely.

Mir. One word with you. Come this way, *Sir Samuel*. I cannot tell you how much I am afflicted for your sufferings.

Sir Sam. Shal it's no matter. Come, it's well it's no worse.

Mir. Now *Clarinda*——— [*Sir Sam. sinks.*]

Sir Sam. O murder, murder! Who's here? the Devil.

Clar. So, now we have the Garden to our selves. Let's walk, and consult about our affairs——— [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Sir Formal and Sir Samuel in the Vault.

Sir Form. I Can no longer contain my self. This Lady, joyn'd with darkness and opportunity, the Midwife of Vice, as we may so say, has so inflam'd me, that I must farther attempt her chastity: I am confident she must be handsome, and no mean person, by her sicken Garments. Madam, as I was saying, since we are unwittingly inclos'd in darkness, which yet cannot be so, since enlightned by the Rays of your Beauty.

Sir Sam.

Sir Sam. For all your Oratory about this business, I cannot see my hand, it is so dark.

Sir Form. Ah, Madam! the bright enlightner of the Day, by which all Creatures see, is yet it self depriv'd of vision.

Sir Sam. Pox o' this damn'd Rhetorick! what will become of me! I must either discover my self, which I wou'd not for the world, or be sent to *Bridewel*, and be whipt with a *Certiorari*; and yet me-thinks I have no need on't, for I have been very plentifully kickt and beaten about this business to day already ———

Sir Form. Let me be reveng'd on this fair Enemy, the prettiest, softest, and dissolving hand I ever had the honour to imprint my kisses on; she has inflam'd me mightily: I'll try her this way. Do me the honour to accept of this Purse, and the contents thereof,

Sir Sam. I'll take the Rogues purse, what e'r come on't.

Sir Form. Sweet Lady, let's make our condition as happy as in us lies.

Sir Sam. Nay, good Sir! O Lord, Sir! what de'e mean? fie, Sir.

Sir Form. Let me approach the honour of your lip, far sweeter than the Phoenix Nest, and all the Spicy Treasures of *Arabia*.

Sir Sam. 'Tis your goodness, Sir, but pray forbear ———

Sir Form. Nay strive not, upon my sincerity I will.

Sir Sam. Nay, good Sir, be not uncivil, I am no such person. Nay pish! I never saw the like, you are the strangest man. Well, take it then. I vow you make me blush. If I were not in apparent danger of being whipt damnably, and missing my Masquerade, I cou'd be merry with this Fool.

Sir Form. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon thy lips! Not all the fragrant bosome of the Spring affords such ravishing perfumes.

Sir Sam. O Lord, Sir! you are pleas'd to complement! Ah, lying Rogue, my breath smells of Tobacco.

Sir Form. Our time may be but short, pardon the unbecoming roughness which my passion prompts me to. Come, my dear *Cloris*.

I

Sir Sam.

Sir Sam. Lord, what a pretty name is that ! I was ne'r call'd *Cloris* before.

Sir Form. Come, my dear Nymph, let us be more familiar : The solitary darkness of the place invites us to Love's silent pleasures. Now, dearest *Cloris*, let us taste those sweets——

Sir Sam. Nay pish ! fie ! Lord ! what do you mean ? what wou'd you be at ? Keep off. I protest I'll call out. Nay pish ! never stir I will.

Sir Form. Thou hast provok'd my gentle spirit so, it is become furious, and it is decreed I must enjoy thy lovely body——

Sir Sam. Out upon you ! my body, I defie you ; I am an honest woman, I scorn your words. I will call out for some body to protect my Honour.

Sir Form. Your Honour cannot suffer ; none can see us, and who will declare it ?

Sir Sam. Out upon you ! get you gone, you Swine. I will not suffer in my honour, I am virtuous. Help ! help ! a Rape ! a Rape ! help ! help !

Sir Form. Be not obstreperous, none can hear you. You have provok'd me contrary to my gentle temper, even to a Rape. Come, I will, I must, i'faith I must.

Sir Sam. 'Sdeath ! the Rogue begins to pry into the difference of Sexes, and will discover mine—— I must try my strength with him. Out lustful *Tarquin* ! you libidinous Goat have at you.

[*Sir Sam.* beats *Sir Form.* kicks him, and flings him down.

Sir Form. Help ! help ! murder ! murder !

Sir Sam. Be not obstreperous, none can hear you.

Sir Form. Upon my verity I think this be an *Amazon* ! Well, I can bear this ; but——

Sir Sam. Do you again attempt my Honour ? I'll maul you, you lascivious Villain.

Sir Form. Hold ! hold ! I beseech you ; I humbly rest contented, I acquiesce.

Sir Sam. Get you from me, lustful Swine—— Begone——

Sir Form. I go, Madam : But I know not whether this Vault

Vault doth terminate here, or whether it doth issue further.

[*They retire*]

SCENE, a Bed-chamber.

Enter Snarl and Mrs. Figgup:

Snarl. Come, now we are safe in this hold, none will interrupt us in our great design. Ah pox o' these wicked *Hectors*, vicious impudent Rogues! a man cannot retire with a Lady for his private satisfaction, but these ranting Rogues must roar and interrupt us; 'tis a very impudent vicious Age in sadness.

Fig. But, my Dear, if any body else should have a Key to this Room (as I know they have) though I dare not tell him, it is a common Scene of Love matters.

Snarl. Fear not, the Land-lady tells me, no body has a Key but my self. I have agreed to give her a Guinney a week for these private occasions. In sadness 'tis a fine place: Here a man may bring a Lady, and even none of the house observe it. There is not such a convenience in all the *Pall-mall* for these occasions, though some there are, much given to such diversions. How glad am I to have thee here, poor Pignie——

Fig. Ah Lord! there's some body at the door——

Snarl. In sadness there is. There's one with a Key too. In into the Wood-hole quickly, or we shall be discover'd—— quick, quick——

Enter Hazard and Lady Gimcrack.

Haz. Come, my dear Lady, now we are safe from interruption; how happy am I in your favours?

L. Gim. Ah! so you say; but if ever I hear of your infidelity, you shall be no longer happy, as you call it: I cannot suffer a Rival.

Haz. Nothing shall e'er divert me from the happiness I enjoy in you; nor am I less impatient of a Rival than you are. I am so

covetous of you, that the thought of your Husband keeps me still in quiet.

L. Gim. Fear not a Husband. Husbands are such phlegmatick indifferent Rivals, they ne'r can hurt the Gallants; they, poor easie Souls, do every thing as if they did it not.

Haz. They do but court and keep a pother,
To make one Gamesome for another.

L. Gim. You are in the right.

Haz. Nay, I think a Husband is a very insipid foolish Animal, and is growing mightily out of fashion.

L. Gim. We shall begin to lay 'em by, Husbands will be left off, as Gentlemen-Ushers are: Indeed they are more unnecessary Instruments, than those formal spindle-shankt-fincial Fools, with Nose-gays and white Gloves were.

Haz. Those, though they cou'd do no service themselves, wou'd make way for them that cou'd, but a Husband is a Clog, a Dog in a Manger, a Miser, that hoords up Gold from others, and will not make use on't himself.

L. Gim. Nay, a thousand times worse; a Miser wou'd keep to himself what he loves, and a Husband what he does not care for: Out on him. A Husband's an Insect, a Drone, a Don-mouse.

Haz. A foolish Matrimonial Lump.

L. Gim. A Cuckow in Winter.

Haz. An Opiat for Love.

L. Gim. A Body without a Soul.

Haz. A Chip in Porridge.

L. Gim. A White of an Egg.

Haz. All Flegm, and no Choller.

L. Gim. A Drudge.

Haz. An Excuse.

L. Gim. A necessary thing.

Haz. A Cloak at a pinch.

L. Gim. A pitiful Utensil.

Haz. Good for nothing, but to cover shame, pay Debts, and own Children for his Wife.

L. Gim. In short, a Husband is a Husband, and there's an end of him; but a Lover is.

Haz.

Haz. Not to be express'd but in action. I'll shew you what a Lover is with a vengeance, Madam. Come on, 'Sdeath! there's a Key in the door.

L. Gim. What shall we do?

Haz. Run into the Wood-hole quickly; I'll bear the brunt, and I may perhaps make a discovery into the bargain——

[*She goes in.*]

Enter Sir Nicholas and Mrs. Flirt.

Sir Nic. Come, Dearest, the Land-lady is not at home, or we wou'd have a Collation here.

Flirt. O Heav'n! who's this, *Hazard?*

Haz. 'Sdeath, Sir! How dare you invade my room?

L. Gim. Oh! who's here? the Devil, the Devil——

Enter Lady Gimerack.

Oh Heav'n! who's this? my Husband with a Whore!

Sir Nic. Death and Hell! my Wife with a Hectorly Fellow here! Oh my disgrace.

L. Gim. Oh vile false Man! thy falshood I have long suspected; now this happy opportunity has discover'd all.

Sir Nic. What means her impudence?

L. Gim. Was I not sufficient for thee, vile man, but thou must thus betray me? I cannot look on thee with patience. I shall faint! I shall faint! Oh! Oh!

Haz. Help, help the Lady.

Sir Nic. Hang the Lady. Oh Woman-kind! what artifice is this? I was inform'd by this Lady I shou'd find you here; I wonder not at your disorder upon this unexpected surprize. O vile treacherous Woman!

L. Gim. Take him from my sight, I shall die else. Have I been always your obedient virtuous Wife, and am I thus requited? Heav'n sent this honourable Gentleman to assist me in the discovery, who on purpose got a Key to this room; it seems the filthy Scene of all thy lust and baseness. Be gone——thou infamous Wretch, I am not able to support the sight of thee——

Sir Nic.

Sir Nic. Lewd Woman! thou abstract of impudence and falshood! tremble at my revenge. Have I at length found out your base lascivious haunt?—

L. Gim. O insufferable! do you add to all your barbarous injuries this of aspersing my innocence?

Flirt. (to *Haz.*) Falseman? did I for this give my affection to thee? and canst thou think I'll bear this unreveng'd?

Haz. (aside) 'Sdeath! this Wench will undo me with my Lady.

L. Gim. What do I hear? is he false too? then my misfortunes are compleat. Base vile ungrateful Fellow; is this your constancy and gratitude to me? [To *Haz.*

Haz. Madam, this is a Lady of a great Estate, whom I shou'd have marry'd; and this accident, I fear, has ruin'd all my Fortune.

Sir Nic. (to *Flirt.*) Has my kindness deserv'd this? is this your Gallant too? Oh this Villain has made me doubly a Cuckold.

Flirt. (to *Sir Nic.*) Do not mistake me; this Fellow took me for a great Fortune, and shou'd have marry'd me. Are you consulting for my ruine? [To them.

L. Gim. (to *Haz.*) This is a sham, I'll not believe it. This Strumpet has doubly betray'd me. Lewd Creature, first I'll take revenge on thee.

Flirt. (to *L. Gim.*) I thought I should at last find out the cause of my misfortune.

(To *Haz.*) You are like to make a good Husband, that can make so ill a Lover.

Haz. After I have heard all your accusation, which is false, let me tell you, I have been informed of your frequent coming hither with *Sir Nicholas*, and was resolv'd at once to be reveng'd of him and you, by bringing my Lady hither to discover both.

Flirt. O insolence! I never saw the place before.

Sir Nic. I am too well satisfied of her falshood, and though it be something below a Philosopher to draw a Sword, yet to punish her I will.

Haz. Hold, Sir, first you must try with me.

— *Sir Nic.*

Sir Nic. What are you, her Stallion, and her Bravo too?

L. Gim. Was ever Woman yet so miserable, to be betray'd by one whom she has lov'd so much better than her life? she wou'd have laid it down to have done him any kindness: and yet to perfect all his cruelty, he blots my reputation. And since the onely treasure of my life is gone, pray take that too. Do not resist him; let him pierce this breast, that ne'r bore any Image but his own. Come on then, cruel man.

Sir Nic. What can this mean?

Flirt. (to *Sir Nic.*) For Heav'n's sake do not betray me to him; if I be not clear'd in this, I am undone.

Haz. Now hear me, Sir: This Lady, on my honour, Sir, is free from all blemish, I believe even in thought. But I being inform'd you use to come with that Lady to this House, of ill reputation, in anger to you both betray'd you to my Lady: I dogg'd her Messenger from her Lodging to you; and immediately gave notice to my Lady; and in all haste we came—

Sir Nic. Indeed I have been acquainted with this Lady, being a Virtuosa, upon Philosophical matters, but never saw her here, till we now came for this discovery. She inform'd me, she saw you two come hither, and my Wife being gone out before me, and alone gave me more suspicion.

Flirt. I having seen you privately talking with my Lady in the Mall, suspected you; and to revenge my self on her and you, I sent for him, and we have dogg'd you hither.

Sir Nic. But why was she hidden to avoid my sight, if she came for a discovery?

Haz. She thought to have discover'd more by being unseen, and over-hearing your discourse.

L. Gim. Now see, injurious man, how you have wrong'd me.

Sir Nic. (to himself) Though I hope I have deceiv'd her with a lie, yet what she says looks like truth.

(To her) It must be so. Come, no more. I will believe you true, and so am I.

Flirt. Though this sham passes upon him, I know too well you are guilty, good Mr. Hazard, and I hate you for't.

Haz. Prethee hold thy peace, I am kept by her, as I know you are by him.

Sir Nic. Heav'n knows I am true:

L. Gim. And Heav'n can witness for my innocence.

Haz. I am glad that all things are thus happily clear'd.

Sir Nic. But what was it frightened you within, my Dear?

L. Gim. There is some body in the Wood-hole.

Haz. Now all's over, I'll see who it is. Come out here,
What's here? a Woman ——— [Pulls out Fig.

L. Gim. A shame on her; how sneakingly she looks? This is some Strumpet I warrant you. Oh! Foh! how I hate such Cattle! Heav'n grant she did not hear me and Hazard.

Haz. Here's a Man too. Come out of your hole. Mr. *Snarl*, is it you? [Pulls him out by the heels.

Sir Nic. Is this the fruit of your virtue, and declaiming against the vice of the Age?

L. Gim. Heav'n! if he over-heard me, I am ruin'd eternally. I'll try him. We met all here upon a mistake, which is now happily rectifi'd. But 'tis too apparent, Uncle, you came for wickedness and abomination.

Fig. I scorn your words, Madam, I am civil and virtuous.

Snarl. Ay in sadness are we; our intentions were honourable. I met this Lady upon a virtuous account, by the Mass. I love and honour her in a civil way, and scorn your filthy lascivious Beasts of this Age.

Sir Nic. Remember, Sir, I have you on the hip; no more will I endure your frumps and taunts about my Philosophy, and the noble exercise of my parts.

Snarl. Nephew, let me tell you, you are an Ass in sadness, and I will make you know this Lady is virtuous, yes, as virtuous as your Ladiship; and I will defend her honour with my Sword, by the Mass; and he that dares be so presumptuous to contradict it, let him draw. [he draws.

Sir Nic. Gad forgive me, what means he?

Haz. No, none are so much concern'd at it. But what are these Rods which I drew out with you? what do they mean?

Snarl. O Devil! I shall be betray'd. Ha! Rods! what a pox know I what they are? I believe the Mistress of the House is a School-Mistress.

Haz. Yes, she keeps a very virtuous School, for the disciplining of hopeful towardly old Gentlemen.

Fig.

Fig. Now my honour's clear. Let's go, Sir. Besides, here's that base Creature *Flirt*; I cannot abide the sight of her, since she discommended thee, my Dear.

Snarl. Come, Madam—— In sadness this is very fine. Two civil persons cannot meet privately in an affectionate way, but such as you must censure them. But I will make you know this Lady is honourable; I will, in sadness: and so fare you well.

[*Ex. Snarl and Fig.*]

Sir Nic. Come, my Dear, now let's go home: Do not grieve at my unhappy jealousy, since my belief of thy dear Truth is more confirm'd by it—— Come, my Dear—— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Longvil, Bruce, Miranda, and Clarinda.

Mir. Come, to divert this insipid talk of Love, a Theme so thred-bare, no man can speak new sense upon it: My Maid shall sing you a new Song she learnt the other day.

Clar. You must not expect much wit in it: for Poets are grown such good Husbands, they'll lay out none upon a Song.

Mir. All we must look for, is smooth Verse, and a good Tune.

Clar. And how a good Tune, and tinkling Rhime attones for nonsense, the Songsters and Heroicks of the time may sufficiently convince you.

Mir. They make nonsense go down as glib without tasting, as a seditious Lie is swallow'd in a City Coffee-house, or Common-wealth Club; without examination.

Clar. But now let's hear it——

SONG.

How wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real pleasures prove;
For still they're mixt with pain:
When not obtain'd, restless is the desire,
Enjoyment puts out all the fire,
And shews the Love was vain.

*It wanders to another soon,
Wanes and Encreases like the Moon,
And like her never rests ;
Brings Tides of Pleasure now, and then of Tears;
Makes Ebbs and Flows of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wavering breasts.*

*But spight of Love I will be free,
And triumph in the liberty
I without him enjoy.
I'th' worst of Prisons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than Chain my free-born mind,
For such a foolish Toy.*

Longv. 'Tis very well, Madam.

Bruce. But to us there is no Musick like Love, or Harmony like the consent of Lover's hearts.

Mir. But as Musick is improv'd by practise, Love decays by it, and therefore I scarce dare talk on't.

Clar. Let what harmony soever be between Lovers at first, in a short time it turns to scurvy jangling : and therefore can you blame us if we divert so dangerous a thing any way —

Longv. I confess it may come to discord, but 'tis as in Musick, if it be made good, it makes the following concord better.

Bruce. If they play upon one another, till they are out of Tune, they must needs jangle.

Longv. In that case they must lay by, and tune again, and then strike up afresh.

Mir. That Simile will never hold ; for when Love grows once out of Tune, they may screw and keep a coil, but 'twill never stand in Tune again.

Clar. 'Tis most certain : when Love comes once to bend, it breaks presently.

Bruce. But perhaps it may be set again like a broken Limb, and be the stronger for't.

Mir. No : when Love breaks, 'tis into so many splinters, 'tis never to be set again.

Enter

Enter Maid to Miranda:

Maid. Shift for your selves, Sir *Nicholas* and my Lady are both return'd home again.

Clar. Omischievous ill fortune.

Mir. Unlucky accident.

Clar. I must look after Sir *Formal*.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Longv. Their carriage, since their cross appointment in the Garden, has too evidently declar'd their intentions. We have mistaken, I see, if we design to succeed, we must change Mistresses.

Bruce. 'Tis too evident, we have plac'd our Loves wrong, They are both handsome, rich, and honest, three qualities that seldome meet in Women.

Longv. 'Tis true, and since 'twill be necessary, after all our Rambles, to fix our unsettled lives to be grave, formal, very wise, and serve our Countrey, and propagate our Species. Let us think on't here.

Bruce. Let us walk and consult about this weighty affair.

[*Exeunt Bruce and Longv.*]

Enter Sir Nicholas, Lady Gimcrack, Clarinda, Miranda.

Sir Nich. A Woman with a Letter, a Tire-woman too! are they all Bawds? Their very Art of washing and adorning Women is implicate Bawding, but this is down-right explicate Bawdery:

Mir. Good Sir, let her be made an Example to all vile Women.

Clar. We have secur'd her in the Vault here.

Sir Nic. You have done well, she shall be brought to condign punishment.

Mir. But we can tell you yet a stranger thing; Sir *Formal* is privately shut up with this lewd Woman, and has been this hour.

Clar. 'Tis very true; what his intentions are, I know not, but 'tis a very scandalous thing.

Sir Nich. *O monstrum horrendum!* Is my Friend, that seeming vertuous man, fallen into the snare?

L. Gim. O Virtue, whither art thou fled? my House is dishonoured, abus'd! I am ready to faint when I hear of lewdness. My Dear, do not endure it; I shall never endure my House again; let it with all speed, and let's remove.

Sir Nic. Prethee, Dear, be pacifi'd.

L. Gim. Oh I cannot be pacifi'd: my blood rises when I hear of lewd whoring Fellows; I wou'd have 'em all hang'd.

Mir. Excellent Hypocrite!

Sir Nic. Well, Heav'n be prais'd, I am the happiest man in a Wife. I will rebuke him: but for the Bawd, I'll have a Warrant from the next Justice; I will have her Whipt and Carted. Come, bring 'em out here.

[*Servants bring in Sir Formal and Sir Samuel.*
Truly *Sir Formal*, I am much asham'd, to find a Virtuoso in such a posture with a lewd Woman.

Sir Form. Why, Sir, upon my sincerity.

L. Gim. Out upon you, have you the face to speak in your own defence, or in defence of this odious Vice? Out on't! you think to bring all off with your Eloquence; but I'll not hear it: You have defil'd my house, and committed lewdness within the walls.

Sir Form. Why, Ladies, you know —

Mir. What, you are angry we have discover'd you.

Clar. Would you have had us keep your pernicious counsel? had that been becoming our virtue?

Sir Form. Why, *Sir Nicholas*, I profess —

L. Gim. I cannot suffer it. 'Tis fit such Hypocrites should be punish'd. Is this your virtue? your sereneness of mind? and are all your Flowers of Rhetorick come to this?

Sir Nic. I know not what to say in your excuse, to retire with such a lewd Creature. I did not think you cou'd have fallen into so shameful a scandal. I am sorry, since 'twill be a reproach to all Virtuoso's.

Sir Form. By my Integrity.

L. Gim. You are a man of integrity, to meet privately with a filthy Creature, a Bawd! an ugly Bawd too!

Sir Sam.

Sir Sam. I scorn your words; neither a Bawd, nor ugly; neither by your leave—— Ugly, and Bawd, quoth she?

Sir Form. Can I not be heard? shall Oratory have no place?

L. Gim. You think to bewitch us with your Oratory, but 'tis too apparent; you have dishonour'd my house.

Sir Form. Here are some Phænomena's of scandal, but I will dissolve all in a *punctum* of time.

Both speak together. { *L. Gim.* I will never endure you, you shall solve none of your Phænomena's here more.

{ *Sir Form.* 'Tis true, I confess I was found here privately with this Woman, but no less true——

Sir Nic. Pray let me hear him speak——

Sir Form. My Oratory was never slighted before; when did I open my mouth in vain before? I confess——

Mir. Why look you, Sir, he confesses it; what wou'd you have?

Clar. Will you not believe us, he has been privately with her this hour?

Sir Nic. I say, Peace; I will hear him.

Sir Form. I confess to you all——

Mir. D' you see again? he confesses to us all——

Enter Snarl.

Sir Form. Now my shame comes upon me;

Snarl. What! is my florid Fool catch'd with a Whore? an ugly Whore? does your noble Soul operate clearly, without the clog of your sordid humane Body now? You are a fine formal Hypocrite, in sadness; by the Mass its a fine world we live in.

Sir Nic. I am confident my Friend is innocent.

Sir Sam. He innocent? hang him, he wou'd have ravish'd me, if I had not been stronger than he, and beaten him soundly: my Honour had suffer'd upon that business——

Sir Form. O Tempora! O Mores! but I doubt not but I shall shine clearer after this Eclipse; I will bear these wrongs with a serene temper of mind.

Snarl. Hang you! never trust your Orator, in sadness they will

will all lie like Dogs: by the Mass I would go fifty times to see an Orator hang'd. Orators are Rogues, the very grievances of the Nation; always putting in an Oar, and prating and disturbing the business of the Nation with their foolish Tropes, and care not which way matters go so they may shew their parts.

Sir Nic. I do believe you, *Sir Formal.* You young Sluts; will you never leave?

Mir. Will you not take the Womans word?

Sir Nic. What a Bawd's word! she suffer in her honour one that brought a Letter to you —

Sir Sam. A Bawd! I scorn your words; I brought a Letter from a Gentleman that makes honourable Love, and wou'd marry her.

Snarl. A Match-maker! that's worst of all.

Sir Nic. Your Marriage-Bawd, your Canonical-Bawd is worst of all; they betray people for their lives-time. Here, carry her, and lock her up in the Green-room; I'll maul your Bawdship.

Sir Sam. Oh Heav'n! I shall be whipt, nay, which is ten times worse, I shall disappoint the Town, and have no Masquerade to night. But I'll bayl my self with money, if it be possible —

Mir. Courage! my Sister brought this upon you, but I'll redeem all.

Sir Sam. Nay, if I succeed in my love, I care not if I be beaten, kickt, and whipt, as if Heav'n and Earth wou'd come together.

L. Gim. Come, I'll see her lockt up safe my self; filthy Creature!

[Exit L. Gim.]

Clar. Not a word more o' this business. I could not forbear the trick; but you will find me more favourable.

Sir Form. I shall be content to suffer any thing for your sweet sake —

[Exit Clar. and Mir.]

Enter

Enter Longvil and Bruce.

Snarl. If you had come sooner, you might ha' taken this Orator, this flashy Fellow, with a Whore, in sadness, a foul deform'd Strumpet——

Sir Form. Upon my honour, Gentlemen, I am wrong'd; but he was taken with a Lady, and Rods too, in *German-street*, about an hour since.

Longv. What, this virtuous Gentleman of the last Age?

Bruce. One that so justly reproaches the Vices of this? It cannot be.

Snarl. Oh Dog! Rogue! Nephew, I'll be reveng'd. No, it cannot be, it is not. The Orator's a Son of a Whore, and my Nephew a foolish Rascally Philosopher, one good for nothing but an empty noise of florid words, without sense, in sadness. And the other good for nothing but useless Experiments upon Flies, Maggots, Eels in Vinegar, and the Blue upon Plumbs, which he finds to be living Creatures; but all the world will find him an Ass, and so I leave him, and all of yee, with a pox t' yee. But in sadness, Orator, I will beat thee mightily. I with a Whore, I scorn your words, by the Mass.

[*Exit Snarl.*]

Sir Nic. I know he is in a rage, but 'tis true; *Sir Formal*, we'll no more endure his taunts. But now he talks of Eels, I'll shew you millions in a Sawcer of Vinegar; they resemble other Eels, save in their motion, which in others is side-ways, but in them, upwards and downwards, thus, and very slow.

Longv. We have heard of these, Sir, often.

Sir Nic. Another difference is, these have sharp stings in their tails. By the way, the sharpest Vinegar is most full of 'em.

Bruce. Then certainly the sharpness, or biting of Vinegar, proceeds from those stings, striking upon the Tongue.

Sir Nic. I see you are a most admirable observer: it must needs be so. So, this is a rare Phenomenon solv'd by the by. (*aside*) I have often concluded that before—— The whole Air is full of living Creatures, a thousand times less visible than those living

Living Creatures, mistaken for Motes in the Sun ; I know most of 'em distinctly by my Glasses.

Sir Form. Talk of use. These are the Mysteries of Natures Closet.

Bruce. This foolish Virtuoso does not consider, that one Brick-layer is worth fourty Philosophers.

Sir Nic. Then for the Blue upon Plumbs, it is nothing but many living Creatures. I have observ'd upon a Wall-plum (with my most exquisite Glasses, which cost me several thousands of pounds) at first beginning to turn blue, it comes first to Fluidity, then to Orbiculation, then Fixation, so to Angulization, then Chrystallization, from thence to Germination or Ebullition, then Vegetation, then Plantanimation, perfect Animation, Sensation, Local Motion, and thelike —

Enter Servant to Sir Nicholas.

Serv. Sir, there are a great number of sick men waiting in the Hall for your Worship, and desire to be dispatch'd.

[*Exit.*

Sir Nic. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see my method of practise. *Sir Formal*, will you go and rank 'em?

Sir Form. I obey in my wonted Office, Gentlemen, I humbly kiss your hands.

[*Exit Sir Formal.*

Sir Nic. He ranks the diseas'd people in their several Classes, Formes, or Orders of Diseases. To save trouble, you shall see all.

Servant returns.

Serv. Sir, the Constable is come with a Warrant to carry the Bawd away.

Sir Nic. Come, we will deliver the Bawd into their Clutches, and when I have administred to my sick, we'll take the air. By the way, Gentlemen, what Countrey air do you like best?

Bruce. Why we cannot travel far for't this evening.

Sir Nic. Travel! I thought I should have you. Why I never travel, I take it in a close chamber.

Sir Nic.

Longo. Why you can take but one kind of nasty smoky air in a Chamber.

Sir Nic. There's your mistake. Chuse your Air, you shall have it in my Chamber; *Newmarket, Banstead-down, Wiltshire, Bury-air, Norwich-air*; what you will.

Bruce. Would a man think it possible for a Virtuoso to arrive at this extravagance?

Longo. Yes, I assure you; it is beyond the wit of man to invent such extravagant things for them, as their folly finds out for themselves. Is it possible to take all these several Countrey Airs in your Chamber?

Sir Nic. I knew you were to seek. I employ men all over England, Factors for Air, who bottle up Air, and weigh it in all places, sealing the Bottles Hermetically: they send me Loads from all places. That Vault is full of Countrey-air.

Bruce. To weigh Air, and send it to you!

Sir Nic. O yes, I have sent one to weigh Air at the Picquet of Ten-riff, that's the lightest Air. I shall have a considerable Cargo of that Air. *Sheerness* and the Isle of Dogs Air is the heaviest. Now if I have a mind to take Countrey Air, I send for, may be, forty Gallons of *Bury Air*, shut all my windows and doors close, and let it fly in my Chamber.

Bruce. This is a most admirable invention.

Longo. But to what purpose do you weigh Air?

Sir Nic. That I shall tell you as we are taking it. Now let's see this Bawd dispos'd of: every thing in its order. *Exeunt.*

Sir Samuel in the Chamber solus.

Sir Sam. How long shall I expect my fate? Well! there never was such a Martyr in Love, to be kickt, beaten, pump'd, told in a blanket about bus'ness, and now in danger of being whipt with a flap-dash. But she loves me! come, 'tis well 'tis no worse! but to miss my Masquerade, that's the sum of all: but I'll bribe my Justice and escape. 'Tis a Trade, some of the Justices are liker Malefactors than Magistrates: but 'twill cost me a plaguy deal, for this damn'd Virtuoso will prosecute furiously. Ha! what's here, a Rope? I am deli-

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living Creatures, mistaken for Motes in the Sun ; I know most of 'em distinctly by my Glasses.

Sir Form. Talk of use. These are the Mysteries of Natures Closet.

Bruce. This foolish Virtuoso does not consider, that one Brick-layer is worth fourty Philosophers.

Sir Nic. Then for the Blue upon Plumbs, it is nothing but many living Creatures. I have observ'd upon a Wall-plum (with my most exquisite Glasses, which cost me several thousands of pounds) at first beginning to turn blue, it comes first to Fluidity, then to Orbiculation, then Fixation, so to Angulization, then Chrystallization, from thence to Germination or Ebullition, then Vegetation, then Plantanimation, perfect Animation, Sensation, Local Motion, and thelike —

Enter Servant to Sir Nicholas.

Serv. Sir, there are a great number of sick men waiting in the Hall for your Worship, and desire to be dispatch'd.

[*Exit.*

Sir Nic. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see my method of practise. *Sir Formal,* will you go and rank 'em?

Sir Form. I obey in my wonted Office. Gentlemen, I humbly kiss your hands.

[*Exit Sir Formal.*

Print Faded and
Illegible in parts.

Longo. Why you can take but one kind of stinky smoky air in a Chamber.

Sir Nic. There's your mistake. Chuse your Air, you shall have it in my Chamber; *Newmarket, Banstead-down, Wiltshire, Bury-air, Norwich-air*; what you will.

Bruce. Would a man think it possible for a *Virtuoso* to arrive at this extravagance?

Longo. Yes, I assure you; it is beyond the wit of man to invent such extravagant things for them, as their folly finds out for themselves. Is it possible to take all these several Countrey Airs in your Chamber?

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Sir Samuel in the Chamber solus.

Sir Sam. How long shall I expect my fate? Well! there never was such a Martyr in Love, to be kickt, beaten, pump'd, told in a blanket about business, and now in danger of being whipt with a flap-dash. But she loves me! come, 'tis well 'tis no worse! but to miss my Masquerade, that's the sum of all: but I'll bribe my Justice and escape. 'Tis a Trade, some of the Justices are liker Malefactors than Magistrates: but 'twill cost me a plaguy deal, for this damn'd *Virtuoso* will prosecute furiously. Ha! what's here, a Rope? I am deli-

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ver'd as *Rabby Busse* was by Miracle, I'll slide down from the window into the garden. The back-door's open: so I save my money *ipso facto*, and go to my Ball; and, *Whip Stich*, your Nose in my Breech, *Sir Nicholas*. I'll leave my Cloaths behind me. Though I am Bawd above, I am *Sir Samuel* underneath. So Tyre-woman, lie thou there, and away Knight. 'Tis well 'tis no worle ——— *Ex. Sir Sam.*

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longv. Bruce, L. G. Clar. Mir. Servants, Constable, Officers.

Sir Nic. Come! where is this Bawd? Now we shall make her an example. Here! where are you? Ha! here's no body.

L. G. I am sure I saw her lockt in.

Serv. The door was lockt when we came in: here are her Cloaths too.

Longv. The Rogue has stript himself, and has escap'd naked.

L. G. O Heav'n! this must be the Devil: the House is haunted.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. I have set all the sick men in order, and they wait for your Prescription.

Mir. O *Sir Formal*, your Mistress is flown, and has left her case behind her.

L. G. The doors are fast, and she is flown out of the Chimney: have a care, *Sir Formal*, if you were naught with her, you will be torn in pieces.

Sir Form. Not I upon my sincerity.

Sir Nic. It was undoubtedly a Spirit, I could have told you that before, but I was afraid I shou'd fright you all.

Bruce. How, Sir! was it a Spirit say you?

Sir Nic. You must know, Sir, I am much skill'd in *Rosacrucean Learning*. I am one of the *Vere adepts*, as simple as I stand

stand here. I discover'd it by my sight, having familiar Conversation with Spirits.

Clar. O the subtilty of this *Virtuoso*. This notable Spirit *Sir Samuel* makes a ball to night; we will steal out one way or other:

Bruce. You'll remember the Masquerade Ladies.

Mir. Yes, yes! we will see the Spirit.

L. G. I see your Cross Love, and will plague ye, ye young Sluts for it.

Sir Nic. You converse with a great many people which you take to be men and women; but we *Rosa-crucians* know 'em to be Spirits. Now let us go to my sick people, and administer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE is the Court-yard full of several Lame and Sick people.

Enter *Sir Nicholas*, *Sir Forman*, *Longvil*, and *Bruce*.

Sick peo. Heav'n bless your Worship.

Sir Nic. Come, Gentlemen, you must know I have studi'd all manner of Cafes, and have Bills ready written for all Diseases; that's my way, I give 'em advice for nothing.

Sir Form. Not more resorted to the Temple of *Æsculapius*; I am sure not so many found relief, as from my Noble Friend: You have reason, good languishing people, to be Trumpeters to his Illustrious Fame, whose indefatigable care for the good of feeble and distress'd Mankind with his transcendent skill, each day cures even incurable Diseases.

Longv. Your Orators are very subject to that Figure in Speech, call'd a Bull.

Sir Nic. I still administer'd to the incurable in *Italy*, and never fail'd of success. Here are my Bills. Where is the Roll? call it over.

Sir Form. Gout.

2 Gout. Here —

[*halting.*]

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Sir Nic.

Sir Nic. There's a Bill for you two, take it betwixt you.

Sir Form. Stone.

2 Stone. Here, Sir.

Sir Nic. There's one for you two.

Sir Form. Scurvy.

4 Scurv. Here, Sir.

Sir Nic. There's a Bill for you four.

Serv. Go, pass by as you are serv'd.

Sir Form. Consumption.

2 Consum. Here.

Sir Nic. Take your Bills.

Sir Form. Dropsie.

2 Drops. Here, Sir.

Sir Nic. There's for you two.

Sir Form. There is a Mad-man I have set by for transfusion of blood.

Sir Nic. That's well. The truth on't is, we shall never get any but Mad-men, for that Operation. But proceed.

Sir Form. These are the last, but not the least.

Box.

Enter a great number of Men and Women.

All. Here, here, here

Sir Nic. There are three or four Bills for you, you are so many.

All. Heav'n bless your Worship. [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT

A C T V.

Enter Sir Formal and Clarinda.

Sir Form. **H**ow long shall I languish in expectation of your noble favour, for the enjoyment of which, my desires are as great, as my deserts are little?

Clar. Truly, *Sir Formal*, I am so sensible of your service, and so troubled with my confinement under my Uncle, that at length I have determin'd by you, to free my self from him.

Sir Form. Hold, Madam, I am too suddenly blest, I am all Rapture, all Extasie, my Soul, me-thinks, is fled from its corporeal clog, and I am all unbodi'd, Divinest Lady. Let me kneel and adore that hand, that snowy hand, to which the Snow it self is tann'd and Sun-burnt.

Clar. Not too much of this : but in short, conduct my Sisters and me out of these doors to the Masquerade ; for we cannot get out without your authority with the Porter, and after you have return'd to my Uncle sometime ; procure the habit of *Scaramoncha*, that I may know you, and come to us, and you shall absolutely dispose of me.

Sir Form. Madam, I'll flie ; nay, out-fly *Sir Nicholas* himself, to do you service, or any *Vertuoso* in England. But how shall I know you ? you'll be disguis'd.

Clar. I'll find you out ; besides, you know this Ring and Bracelet. We must have our Maids with us, for we'll not return. Let's find my Sister, and about it instantly.

Sir Form. I am all obedience. I should not envy now an Universal Monarch—I hear my Ladies voice——— [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longvil, and Servant to Sir Nicholas.

Serv. Mr. Bruce is coming to wait on you,

Enter

Enter Bruce.

Sir Nic. Sir, your Servant. Now open the Bottles, and let the Air flie; Gentlemen, be ready to snuff it up. O this *Bury-Air* is delicate, 'tis delicious; O very refreshing.

Bruce. O admirable—— who would go to *Bury* to take it?

Sir Nic. Not I, 'tis much the better here; it takes so much the fresher for being botled, as other Liquors do. For let me tell you, Gentlemen, Air is but a thinner sort of Liquor, and drinks much the better for being-botled.

Longv. Most certainly the world is very foolish, not to snuff up botled Air, as they drink botled Drink.

Bruce. The foolish World is never to be mended. For all this, your Glass-Coach will to *Hide-park* for Air. The Suburb-fools trudge to *Lambs-Conduit* or *Totnam*; your sprucer sort of Citizen gallop to *Epsom*; your Mechanick gross Fellows, shewing much conjugal affection, strut before their Wives, each with a Child in his Arms, to *Islington* or *Hogsdon*.

Sir Nic. Ay poor dull Fools!

Longv. But to what end do you weigh this Air, Sir?

Sir Nic. To what end shou'd I? to know what it weighs. O knowledge is a fine thing; why I can tell to a Grain what a gallon of any Air in *England* weighs.

Bruce. Is that all the use you make of these Pneumatick Engines?

Sir Nic. No; I eclipse the light of rotten Wood, stinking Whittings and Thornback, and putrid Flesh when it becomes lucid.

Longv. Will stinking Flesh give light like rotten Wood?

Sir Nic. O yes; there was a lucid-Surloin of Beef in the Strand, foolish people thought it burnt, when it onely became lucid and chrystalline by the coagulation of the aqueous juice of the Beef, by the corruption that invaded it. 'Tis frequent, I my self have read a *Geneva* Bible by a Leg of Pork.

Bruce. How, a *Geneva* Bible by a Leg of Pork?

Sir Nic. O Ay, 'tis the finest Light in the World: but for all that, I could eclipse the Leg of Pork in my Receiver, by pumping out the Air; but immediately upon the appulse of the Air let in again, it becomes lucid as before.

Longv.

Longv. Is it so curious a light?

Sir Nic. O admirable! I am now studying of Glow-worms, a fine Study; it is a curious Animal: I think I shall preserve 'em light all the year, and then I'll never use any other light in my Study but Glow-worms and Concave-glasses.

Bruce. What do you with the Speaking-Trumpet?

Sir Nic. O that Stentrophonical Tube, though not invented by me, yet is improv'd beyond all mens expectations.

Longv. They can hear distinctly a League at Sea by them already.

Sir Nic. Pish! that's nothing; I have made one, you may hear eight mile about, and I shall improve it very much more: for there's no stop in Art. But of all Languages, none is heard so far as Greek; your *Ionick* Dialect of *Oio* does so roul in the sound. I make *Sir Formal* speak Greek often in it.

Bruce. This *Sir Formal* has a great many pretty Employments under him.

Sir Nic. I doubt not but in three months to improve it so, that from the chief Mountain, Hill, or Eminence in a County, a man may be heard round the County.

Longv. This will be above all wonder.

Sir Nic. I have thought of this to do the King service; for when I have perfected it, there needs but one Parson to preach to a whole County; the King may then take all the Church-Lands into his own hands, and serve all *England* with his Chaplains in Ordinary.

Longv. This is a most admirable project. But what will become of the rest of the Parsons?

Sir Nic. It is no matter, let 'em learn to make Wollen Cloth, and advance the Manufacture of the Nation; or learn to make Nets, and improve the Fishing-Trade; it is a fine sedentary life for those idle Fellows in black.

Bruce. These illiterate Virtuoso's hate all that have relation to Learning.

Longv. You cannot blame 'em. But there being no stop in Art, you may advance this Trumpet so far, you may make 'em talk from one Nation to another.

Sir Nic. So I may in time

Bruce.

Bruce. By this Princes may converse, treat, congratulate, and condole, without the great charge and trouble of Ambassadors.

Sir Nic. I hope to effect it. But I wonder *Sir Formal* is not return'd; I sent him to fix my Telescopes for surveying the Moon.

Longv. Do you believe the Moon is on Earth, as you told us?

Sir Nic. Believe it! I know it; I shall shortly publish a Book of Geography for it. Why, 'tis as big as our Earth; I can see all the Mountainous parts, and Vallies, and Seas, and Lakes in it; nay, the larger sort of Animals, as Elephants and Camels; but publick Buildings and Ships very easily. I have seen several Battels fought there. They have Great Guns, and have the use of Gun-powder. At Land they fight with Elephants and Castles. I have seen 'em _____

Bruce. No Phanatick that has lost his Wits in Revelation is so mad as this Fool.

Longv. You are mistaken, this is but a faint Copy to some Originals among the Tribe.

Sir Nic. There's now a great Monarch who has Armies in several Countreys in the Moon, which we find out, because the Colours which we see are all alike. There are a great many States, which we take to be Confederates against him. He is a very ambitious Prince, and aims at Universal Monarchy; but the rest of the Moon will be too hard for him.

Enter Sir Formal

Sir Form. I have fix'd the Tubes in the Garden; and, if we be not deceived, the great Monarch is making an Attaque upon a Town, and they are in very hard Service.

Sir Nic. 'Tis probable. _____ We'll haste to see it. But first do me the favour to speak two or three Greek Verses in this Trumpet.

Sir Form. With all my heart.

[*Sir Formal speaks some Verses out of Homer.*]

Enter Sir Nicholas's Servant.

Serv. Sir, Sir! stand upon your Guard; the House is beset by

by a great Rabble of People, who threaten to pull you out of it, and tear you in pieces.

Sir Nic. O Heav'n! what is the matter?

Serv. Sir, they are Ribbon-weavers; who have been informed, that you are he that invented the Engine-Loom, which has provok'd 'em to rise up in Arms, and they are resolv'd to be reveng'd for't: Listen, Sir, you may hear 'em.

Sir Nic. O what will become of me! Gentlemen, Gentlemen, for Heav'n's sake do something for me; I protest and vow they wrong me, I never invented any thing of use in my life, as gad shall mend me not I.

Bruce. We shall be beaten for being in such damn'd company, and faith we shall deserve it. *[A noise without.]*

Sir Nic. Mercy on me! how loud they are!
O Gentlemen, what is to be done?

Longo. Get your Guns and Pistols charg'd. The Rabble, like wild Beasts, are frighted at Fire-arms.

Sir Nic. Go, get 'em charg'd quickly.

Sir Form. Now is the time for me to shew my parts. I have another Weapon. Let me alone with them.

Sir Nic. What Weapon, Sir Formal?

Sir Form. Eloquence: I warrant ye. Let me alone. I'll go out among 'em.

Sir Nic. O 'twill never do; they are very outrageous Rogues. What will become of us?

Sir Form. You know not the charms of Oratory.

'Twas my fortune to be near the Temple-stairs, when the Water-men, who had drunk too deep of a Liquor, somewhat stronger than that which is the Scene of their Vocation, were stirr'd up into so popular a heat and fervour, that its fury threatned the adjacent Society — The Water-men were themselves (as I may so say) blown into a Tempest, when strait I ventur'd in among th'intemperate Crowd, and by the force of Rhetorick, dispell'd the barbarity of their over-boiling Ale, and too much fermented Choller, and gently recover'd their minds into a sedate and quiet temper: and I don't but to have the same effect upon these.

Sir Nic. Quickly then, dispatch. Tell 'em I am innocent, I

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never

Bruce. By this Princes may converse, treat, congratulate, and condole, without the great charge and trouble of Ambassadors.

Sir Nic. I hope to effect it. But I wonder *Sir Formal* is not return'd; I sent him to fix my Telescopes for surveying the Moon.

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Bruce. We shall be beaten for being in such damn'd company, and faith we shall deserve it. *[A noise without.]*

Sir Nic. Mercy on me! how loud they are! O Gentlemen, what is to be done?

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Sir Nic. Go, get 'em charg'd quickly.

Sir Form. Now is the time for me to shew my parts, I have another Weapon. Let me alone with them.

Sir Nic. What Weapon, Sir Form?

Sir Form. Eloquence: I warrant ye. Let me alone. I'll go out among 'em.

Sir Nic. O 'twill never do; they are very outrageous Rogues. What will become of us?

Sir Form. You know not the charms of Oratory.

'Twas my fortune to be near the Temple-stairs, when the Water-men, who had drunk too deep of a Liquor, somewhat stronger than that which is the Scene of their Vocation, were stirr'd up into so popular a heat and fervour, that its fury threatned the adjacent Society — The Water-men were themselves (as I may so say) blown into a Tempest, when strait I ventur'd in among th'intemperate Crowd, and by the force of Rhetorick, dispell'd the barbarity of their ever-boiling Ale; and too much fermented Choller, and gently recover'd their minds into a sedate and quiet temper: and I don't but to have the same effect upon these.

Sir Nic. Quickly then, dispatch. Tell 'em I am innocent, I

M

never

never invented any thing in my life. Go-go, quickly.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE the Street, a great Rabble of
People together, and *Snarl*, &c.

Snarl. What ever they say, this Sir *Nicholas*, and one Sir *Formal* that's with him, invented the Engine-loom, to the confusion of Ribbon-weavers. I shall be sufficiently reveng'd on the Rogues now. [*Aside.*

1. *Weav.* O Villains! we'll maul 'em. Are these the tricks of a *Vertoso*? have they studi'd these fourteen years for this?

Snarl. Yes, for much less. The truth is, 'tis a burning shame that poor men shou'd be ruin'd by such Fellows, in sadness 'tis——

2. *Weav.* I never thought these *Vertoso's* wou'd do any thing but mischief, for my part:

3. *Weav.* Where are the Rogues? Come out of your Den.

All. Come out! where are the *Vertoso's* here?

1. *Weav.* Break open the house. Open the door, or we'll demolish——

Porter within. What wou'd you have? stand off?

1. *Weav.* What wou'd you have, you Son of a Whore; the Engine, and the Rogues that invented it.

Porter within. Here's no Engine, no Rogues, nor Inventers neither——

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Now will I try my Eloquence. Come, Gentlemen, what is it you wou'd have? what is the fountain of your discontent? now for the power of Oratory! Come, come, come——

1. *Weav.* Here's one of the Rascals, take him amongst you.

Sir Form. Why, Gentlemen.

2. *Weav.* Tear him in pieces,

Sir Form. I say, Gentlemen——

3. *Weav.* Cut off his ears.

1. *Weav.*

1. *Weav.* Take him and hang him upon the next Sign.

Sir Form. I beseech you.

All. Ay, hang him up quickly.

Sir Form. Hold ! hold ! shall I not speak ?

2. *Weav.* Yes, if you can after you are hang'd.

Sir Form. Why, Gentlemen, I am of your side. If you commit this rash outrage, you will be soundly punish'd upon a *Quare fremuerunt Gentes* —

Some. Let him speak.

Others. No, he shall not speak ; hang him —

1. *Weav.* Hold, Neighbours and Friends, let's hear him, he may perhaps discover something of this business.

All. Let him speak —

Sir Form. By what occasion or accident this unheard of Torrent of tempestuous rage was thus inflam'd, I very much ignore. But let it not be said that Englishmen, good Commonwealth's men, and sober discreet Ribbon-weavers, should be thus hurri'd by the rapid force of the too dangerous Whirlwind, or Hurricane of passion.

1. *Weav.* He speaks notably.

2. *Weav.* He's a well-spoken man truly —

Sir Form. Of passion, I say, which with its sudden and, alas ! too violent circumgyrations, does too often shipwreck those that are agitated by it, while it turns them into such giddy confusion, that they can no longer trim the Sails of Reason, or steer by the Compass of Judgment.

1. *Weav.* His Tongue's well hung, but I know not what he means by all this stuff.

Sir Form. I say, Gentlemen.

2. *Weav.* Pox on you, you shall say no more. What's this to the invention of the Loom ?

3. *Weav.* This is one of the Inventers, hang him. Where's t'other ? break open the house.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Bruce, and Longvil above.
Sir Form. Do but hear me ?

1. *Weav.* No, Rascal, we will not hear you.

[They beat him, kick him, and sling Oranges at him.]

Sir Form. All this I can bear, if you will but hear me, Gentlemen—— I am a person——

2. *Weav.* A person, a Rogue! a Villain! a damn'd Vertoso! A person!

Sir Form. I say, Gentlemen, I am a person——

1. *Weav.* Pox on you—— we'll use you like a Dog——
Sir——

Sir Form. *Quousque tandem effrenata jactabit audacia*
This is a barbarity which *Scythians* would blush at.

1. *Weav.* *Scythians*! what a pox does he call us names? take him, and hang him up.

Sir Nic. I see *Sir Formal's* Oratory cannot prevail; what shall I do?

1. *Weav.* O there he is. Come down, or we'll fetch you down, and your Engine too.

Longv. Nay, then 'tis time to sally out——

Bruce. Give us Pistols, quickly——

Sir Nic. Hear me, Gentlemen, I never invented an Engine in my life; as gad shall sa' me you do me wrong. I never invented so much as an Engine to pair Cream-cheese with. We Vertuoso's never find out any thing of use, 'tis not our way.

1. *Weav.* Hang your way. You are a damn'd lying Vertoso. Break open the door quickly——

Enter Longvil and Bruce below with Pistols, Servants.

Bruce. Where are these Dogs?

[*Discharge their Pistols, all run out.*

Sir Form. Murder! murder! [Falls down.

Enter Sir Nicholas creeping out with a Blunderbus.

Sir Nic. Where are these Rogues?

Longv. Sir, go and call the Guard, lest they should rally again.

Bruce. *Sir Formal* is shot, and all the Rabble is escap'd unhurt.

Sir Nic.

Sir Nic. O my Friend! *Sir Formal!* *Sir Formal!*

Sir Form. I am alive, *Sir Nicholas*, but surely I am shot.

Sir Nic. Let's search — Here is no hole in your cloaths.

Sir Form. Hum — I find no blood. Truly I did opine that I was shot — but I am exceedingly beaten and bruised. Though there be no discretion, I have suffered much confusion.

Sir Nic. I see your Oratory could not prevail.

Sir Form. No, no, these Barbarians understand not Eloquence. But I must go in, and recover this disorder —

[Exit *Sir Form.*

Bruce. Let's take this opportunity to get rid of the Virtuoso, and go to the Masquerade.

Footm. Sir, the Guard was coming to suppress the tumult ere I went; they seiz'd some of the Mutineers, and dispers'd the rest.

Longv. Now we are safe, Sir. We humbly take our leaves till to morrow —

[Exit *Longvil and Bruce.*

Sir Nic. Gentlemen, your humble Servant; Where are my Wife and Nieces?

Porter. They are gone abroad, Sir.

Sir Nic. At this time o' night? Did they go together?

Port. No, Sir, my Lady went alone.

Sir Nic. And did you let my Nieces go out, Villain, without your Lady?

Port. *Sir Formal* carried them out.

Sir Nic. Death! what design is this? they are gone to the Masquerade: My Wife alone too! I like not this. The story in *German-street* was very suspicious. I shall find out these practises.

[Exeunt.

The

The SCENE is a large Room, with a great number of Masqueraders, Men and Women, in many different habits.

Enter Sir Samuel and Hazard.

Sir Sam. Now, *Hazard*, let's enjoy our selves : I am never in my Element, but when I am adventuring about an Intriguo, or Masquerading about business. Now you shall see me shew my parts.

Haz. Do, *Sir Samuel*, you are excellent at these things.

Sir Sam. Nay, if any man outdoes me about this business. Well, no more to be said. Is not mine a very pretty Disguise ? Ha !

Haz. An admirable one——

Sir Sam. I have fourty of 'em upon Intriguo's and businessses. But now to work. Do you know me ? [To Clar.

Clar. No : yet me-thinks you look through your disguise like a foolish Fellow I have seen.

Sir Sam. A foolish Fellow — Hey poop ! you were never so much in the wrong in your life, as gad mend me——

Clar. I do not think so ; a Mask might cover deformity, but not folly. You have the very Meen of a Coxcomb ; all the motions of your body declare the weakness of your mind.

Sir Sam. Pish ! what you are upon the high Ropes now. Whip stich, Your nose in my breech. Pish ! I'll talk no more with her.

Haz. Do you know me ?

[To Mir.

Mir. No ; I neither know ye, nor care to know ye.

Haz. They who have so little curiosity, have less pleasure.

Mir. I ghes your inside to be no better than your outside.

Haz. Try 'em both, and you'll be of another opinion.

Mir. The Conviction's not worth the Trial.

L. Gim. I wonder which is *Hazard*. But my business is not with him.

Sir Sam. These are very angry Ladies, *Hazard*. Just now

we

we met two were very kind to us. Pretty Rogues. They had delicate hands, arms and necks—— and they were Women of Quality, I'm sure by their Linnen——

Haz. That's no rule —— for Whores wear as good Linnen as honest Women: fine Clothes and good Linnen are the Working-Tools of their Trade.

Sir Sam. But I know by their Wit and *Repertees* they were fine persons. I am confident my Woman knows me, and has a kindness for me.

Haz. Me-thought they seem'd to be rank Strumpets——

Sir Sam. Prethee hold thy peace. *Tace* is Latine for a Candle. I am us'd to these Intregues and Businesses——

Enter Longvil and Bruce in their own Clothes, Masqued.

Clar. Longvil and Bruce! let's watch them, and see where they'll direct themselves.

Mir. Like night-bred men o'th'Town; I warrant upon the next they light on.

Sir Sam. 'Ods my life, I ha' lost my Lac'd Handkercher——

Haz. 'Death! I ha' lost mine too. 'Heart! all my money's gone——

Sir Sam. Ha! Money! what a pox, mine's all flown too. Whip, flap-dash——

Haz. Whip, flap-dash! a pox o' your Women of Quality, they are flown too. Whip, flap-dash —— But you have been us'd to such Intriguo's and Businesses——

Sir Sam. I durst ha' sworn I could not be deceiv'd; Though I ha' been often serv'd so by Vizard Masques in the Pit, they are mightily giv'n to't; we men of adventure must bear this. Come, no more to be said. Come, 'tis well it's no worse. Come!

Longv. This is a fine civil Assembly truly. The Knight has great conveniences of Coaches and Retiring-rooms.

Bruce. It is a very rank Ball; there's like to be very much Fornication committed to-night.

Longv. A Masquerade's good for nothing else, but to hide blushes, and bring bashful people together, who are asham'd

to sin bare-fac'd. There's a Lady hovering about you, and long to pickeer with you. [Lady Gim stares on Bruce.

Bruce. O that it were *Clarinda* in a good mind.

Longv. I wish it be not *Miranda* in a bad one; her shape's like hers——

Sir Sam. Come, Fiddles, be ready—— Shall I wait on you in a Dance about business—— [Takes out Clar.

The Borce—— [They Dance, Sir Samuel leaves her, she takes in another.

Clar. A Corant.

Bruce. May I not have the honour to know who you are?

L. Gim. 'Tis sufficient to tell you, I am one you have no ill wishes to, and would not tell you this but in a Masque.

Bruce. She's finely shap'd, and by her Jewels a Woman of some condition. Come, off with this Cloud to a good face, and Ornament to a bad one.

L. Gim. No: but if you will withdraw into another Room, I'll let you know more of my mind, though not of my face.

Bruce. The temptation is too strong to be resisted. Let's steal off. [They steal out.

Entry of Scaramonchi and Clowns.

[Dance.

Sir Sam. Very fine, I swear very fine—— Where the Devil's this *Miranda*? I cannot find her out for my life——

Clar. Did you not see Bruce steal off with a Lady?

Mir. Yes, and cannot bear it. I am so foolish, I wou'd I were not.

Sir Sam. But hold. Who held my Sword while I danced? 'Twas a French Sword, cost me fifteen Pistols: a curse on him, he's rubb'd off with—— But Come, 'tis well its no worse yet——

Longv. This Bruce stays somewhat long, I like it not. If I cou'd find out either *Clarinda* or *Miranda*, here I shou'd be out of doubt—— Let me see, who are you?

Fig. What authority have you to examine me?——

[She speaks in a Poppet's voice.

Longv.

Longv. What have we here, a Poppet?

Fig. Such a Poppet as you'll be glad to change for the Player you keep —

Longv. You are mistaken, I love the Stage too well to keep any of their Women to make 'em proud and insolent, and despise that Calling, to take up a worse.

Fig. Then you are none of the Fops I took you for.

Enter Bruce and Lady Gimcrack.

Bruce. I can never rest till I know who has oblig'd me.

L. Gim. Since you are so importunate, I'll give you a Note will discover it, if you'll give me your Honour not to open it till the Masquerade be done.

Bruce. Upon my Honour I will not.

L. Gim. Now shew your self a Man of Honour.

Bruce. Gad I think I have already —

Enter Sir Formal in Scaramoucha's habit:

Clar. Yonder's Sir Formal, You have your Cue, Betty.

Bett. I warrant you, Madam.

(To Sir Form.) You see I am as good as my word.

Sir Form. 'Tis she by her Bracelet and Pendants. Madam, had not some disaster interven'd, I had sooner kiss'd your hands. But of that, more anon.

Enter L. Gimcrack in another disguise.

L. Gim. Now for the rest of my Plot. I shall disappoint these young Sluts, or make mischief enough.

[Exit Longv. and L. Gimcrack.]

Enter Snarl bare-fac'd.

Mir. Did you not see *Longvil* steal out with a Woman?

Clar. Too well. Our Lovers are well match'd.

Snarl. In sadness I think *Bedlam's* broke loose and come
N
hither.

hither. What a company of Antick Puppies are here? Pox on 'em all. But where is this *Figgyp*? by the Mafs I'll not suffer her to go to these Schools of Bawdery; in sadness she'll be too apt a Scholar I am afraid.

Sir Sam. Hey *Snarl*! What, do you come to a Masquerade-bare-fac'd?

Snarl. Yes, that I do, nor am I ashamed of my face, as Rogues and Whores are. Whose Fool are you?

Clar. Sir, will you please to dance?

Snarl. No indeed won't I. I thank God I am not such a Coxcomb yet in sadness — What do you find in my face to think me such an Owl?

Mix. What do you come for then?

Snarl. Why to find one that should be wiser than to be here, by the Mafs.

Fig. He means me, I shall be undone.

Clar. Whom do you mean? she that was in the Wood-hole?

Mix. She that was discover'd in *Germin-street*.

Snarl. Ounds! I shall be a By-word all over the Town, in sadness.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nic. My Uncle here?

Clar. Is it she you look for?

Snarl. What pert-snivelling, squeaking-Baggages are you? here's a squealing with you, with a pox to you.

Haz. To him, *Sir Samuel*.

Sir Sam. Sir, let me ask you one civil question.

[*In a squeaking tone.*]

Snarl. What civil question would you ask now?

[*Mocking him.*]

Sir Sam. Were not you with a Lady in *Germin-street* pull'd out by the heels to day?

Snarl. Ounds! what Rogue art thou? I could find in my heart to beat thee most exorbitantly.

Haz. Your Land-lady in *Germin-street* is a School-mistress, is she not, Sir?

Snarl.

Snarl. O my shame comes upon me! In sadness you are all a company of squealing Coxcombs; wou'd you were all Eunuchs by the Mass, that you might always keep your Treble Voices.

1. *Bull.* What, was this virtuous Gentleman taken with a Whore?

2. *Bull.* Sir, do you very much delight in Birch?

Sir Sam. Yes, for mortification-sake. He's a great doer of Pennance.

Haz. A fine old Gentleman, with grey hairs, to be overtaken.

Sir Form. Truly I am sorry a person of your gravity shou'd so expose your discretion.

Snarl. What damn'd antick Rascal's this? [*Kicks him.*]

Sir Form. As gad mend me it was uncivil. But, Madam, we will retire, if you please.

Snarl. What a Devil, shall I be over-set with Rogues and Fools here——

1. *Bull.* Damn Rogues and Fools.

Snarl. So I say, in sadness. The Men are all Rogues and Fools, and the Women all Strumpets, by the Mass, or which are ten times worse scandalous honest Women. In sadness it is a shame such bawdy doings should be suffered in a civil Nation; my heart bleeds for't, by the Mass. It was not so in the last Age. Why, what do I talk with a company of Owls for? I come to find one whom I'll never seek again; if she will not appear now——

Fig. O Buddy, I am here; but I was afraid you'd be an anger'd.

Snarl. In sadness I wonder you are not asham'd to come to these vicious scandalous bawdy places. Come away for shame——

[*Exeunt Snarl and Fig.*]

Enter Longvil and Lady Gimcrack.

Longv. I never yet knew one so free of her body, and so nice of her face before. Shall I know no more of you?

L. Gim. Since you will have it so—— there's a Note will

inform you more: But upon your Honour you must not open it till the Masquerade be over.

Longv. I will not.

Sir Nic. My Dear, I wonder'd I cou'd not see you before.

L. Gim. O *Hazard*, have I found thee? this is good luck, my Dear.

Sir Nic. O infamous damn'd Woman!

L. Gim. It makes me break my Spleen almost to think, what an Ass we made of *Sir Nicholas* to day.

Sir Nic. Ay, so it does mine, Ha-ha-ha — A curse on Woman-kind!

L. Gim. He, poor Fool, believes us all this while to be as innocent. Now shall you have free liberty to come home to me.

Sir Nic. Shall he so, Madam? [*L. Gim. shrieks out.*]

Sir Sam. What's here? one offering violence to a Lady!

Haz. Who; this my Lady *Gimcrack*?

L. Gim. It is my Husband! for Heaven's sake keep him here, till I run home. [*Exit Lady Gim.*]

Haz. Villain! how dare you abuse a Lady? [*Kicks him.*]

Sir Nic. It's no matter for that, I shall not discover my self.

Haz. It is *Sir Nicholas*; now you may lock him up, and be reveng'd of him —

Sir Sam. No more to be said. Hey! who waits there? Take this Fellow and lock him up, till I talk with him about business.

Sir Nic. 'Death! what will become of me?

Longv. I have fix'd upon almost every Woman of the Masquerade, and cannot find which is either *Clarinda* or *Miranda*.

1. *Bull.* Ounds you lie. —

2. *Bull.* Take that, Rascal.

[*They draw, and all draw.*
Exeunt all, Women shrieking.]

Sir Sam. These damn'd Bully Rogues have spoil'd my Intrigue; a pox on 'em all, the Ladies are gone. But I'll find a way to be convey'd into *Miranda's* Chamber to night yet —

[*Exit Sir Sam.*]

Enter

Enter Longvil, Bruce, and Porter.

Longv. Is not Sir *Nicholas* within?

Port. No: but my Lady and the two Ladies are come; my Lady is gone up to my Master's Cloſet, and the young Ladies are in the Garden.

Bruce. We come to tell Sir *Nicholas*, we've wholly quell'd the Mutiny, and ſeen the offenders committed.

Port. He will be within preſently ——— [Exit.

Longv. I do not ſee the Ladies here: but this was a very ſtrange adventure at the Maſquerade.

Bruce. The Circumſtances are ſo like, had I not ſeen two ſeveral habits, I ſhou'd believe 'twas the ſame Woman I have a Note to, and receiv'd the ſame injunction not to open it.

Longv. Let me read your Note, and you ſhall read mine; the Moon-light will ſerve for that.

By that means I may diſcover ſomething.

Bruce. Agreed. I may perhaps make a diſcovery.

Reads. You ſee I dare not own my kindneſs, but when I had ſomething to hide my bluſhes. I hope you'll uſe the Conqueſt like a Gentleman. Clarinda.

Longv. How! this is to the ſame effect, ſubſcrib'd by *Miranda*. There needs no further argument of your treachery, and ſuch as I did not think a Gentleman cou'd be guilty of.

Bruce. Death! do you accuſe me of Treachery, who are your ſelf ſo great a Traitor? Draw ———

Longv. Are you ſo nimble? Have at you ——— [Fight.

Enter Clarinda and Miranda.

Clar. { Hold! hold! hold! for Heav'n's ſake hold!

Mir. {

Clar. What means this madneſs in this place?

Bruce. I ſuppoſe you gheſs at the meaning.

Longv. If not, *Miranda* can inform you.

Mir. This is abſolute diſtraction, Gentlemen.

Bruce.

Bruce. You let *Longvil* know more of your mind, Madam, in a private Room at the Masquerade to night.

Longv. If she did not, this Lady was kind enough to you there.

Mir. What madness is this! I spoke ne'r a word to either of you there.

Clar. Nor I, Heav'n knows! but we saw each of you steal away with a Lady——

Bruce. Do you know that hand, Madam?

[To *Clar.*

Longv. Or you this, Madam?

[To *Mir.*

Clar. My name subscrib'd!

Mir. And here is mine,

Clar. This mischief is too evident. This is my Aunts hand.

Mir. And this is her character too. This malice is beyond example, and your baseness, so soon to entertain such thoughts of us.

Clar. That senseless vanity, that makes them think so well of themselves, made 'em think so ill of us.

Longv. Oh Heaven! what have we done! I beg a thousand pardons for my fault.

Bruce. Hear but my acknowledgment, on my knees I beg forgiveness for my ill thoughts of so excellent a Lady.

Clar. Be gone, unworthy Men, and never see us more.

Mir. I'll ne'r forgive the Man that thus dare injure me.

[*Exeunt Clar. and Mir.*

Longv. This damn'd Lady has put her self upon us for two Women. Let's not leave 'em, till we have satisfied them of the occasion of our jealousy.

Bruce. Let's follow at a distance——

[*Long. and Bruce follow 'em:*

Enter Clarinda and Miranda and go into an Arbour.

Longv. They are gone into that Arbour: Let's do an ungenerous thing for once, and listen.

Bruce. Agreed; we then perhaps may hear what their sentiments are.

Mir. I see we must carry our selves with more reservedness, since

since Men of Wit and Pleasure are so apt to think ill of our Sex.

Clar. For all this, I love *Longvil* to that height, I cannot be reserved to him, I can forgive him any thing.

Mir. I love *Bruce* too almost to distraction, and could venture any thing but honour for him.

Clar. I'd lose my Life and Love a thousand times before my Virtue. But our cross Love can never meet.

Mir. The breach was great enough before: but this falshood and malice of my Lady has made it wider. But hold, we are over-heard.

Clar. O Heav'n! here are *Longvil* and *Bruce*——

[*They run away shrieking.*]

Longv. Our case is plain, we have no hopes of succeeding in our intended Loves; or if I had, I wou'd not have the Body without the Mind.

Bruce. A man enjoys as much by a Rape as that way. But I am so pleas'd to find *Miranda* loves me, that I'd not change for any but *Clarinda*.

Longv. I have the same opinion of *Clarinda's* love; and could you be contented, I would willingly change. Gratitude to her will move my heart, more than *Miranda's* charms with her aversion can.

Bruce. Since our affections will not thrive in the soil we had plac'd them in, we must transplant them.

Longv. Love, like the Sun-beams, will not warm much, unless reflected back again. It is resolv'd it shall be so.

Bruce. Let's follow them now; and while the Metall's hot, 'twill take a Bent the easier.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA ultima.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Lady Gimcrack.

Sir Nic. Infamous vile Woman, I'll be reveng'd on all your lewdness.

L. Gim. I have broken open your Closet, and here are all your Letters from your several Whores: And do you think I'll bear your falshood without revenge?

Sir Nis.

Sir Nic. Be gone out of my doors, I cast you from me; and I have here another Mistress of this House. Come in.

Enter Flirt.

To you I give possession of all here, Madam. Out of my doors,

L. Gim. Is this one of the Creatures you converse with about Philosophical matters? Fare ye well. I have, thanks to my Friends, a settlement for separate maintenance, and I have provided for my self too. A worthy Gentleman. Come in, Sir; he will defend my Person, and my Honour.

Enter Hazard.

Sir Nic. Who e're shall make such settlements hereafter, may they be plagu'd as I am! Vile Creature——

L. Gim. Sir, I shall publish your Letters into bargain, and send 'em to *Grisham Colledge*; then you'll be more despis'd than now you are there——

Sir Nic. O misfortune! that will be worse than all the miseries can happen to me. Hold, Madam, I have thought on't; and to shew how much I can be a Philosopher, I am content it should be a drawn Battle betwixt us: Do you forgive, and you shall find that I can do so too.

Enter Steward.

Stew. O Sir! I bring you the most unfortunate news that e'r you heard.

Sir Nic. More crosses still!

Stew. Several Engineers, Glass-makers, and other people you have dealt with for Experiments, have brought Executions and Extents, and seiz'd on all your Estate in the Country.

L. Gim. 'Tis very well; you were all this while Botling of Air, and studying Spiders and Glow-worms, stinking Fish, and rotten Wood.

Sir Nic. This last affliction is too great to bear; but I am resolv'd

resolv'd to forgive thee, my Dear, and be a good Husband, and redeem all.

L. Gim. No, Sir, I thank you; my Settlement is without incumbrance, and I'll preserve it without you, which you are the greatest a Woman can have.

Enter Sir Formal and Betty.

Sir Form. Sir, I humbly implore your pardon, for a crime, which Love, which was too strong for my resistance, caused in me.

Sir Nic. What do you mean?

Sir Form. I have marri'd *Clarinda*, the pretty Creature had an odd fancy to be marri'd in Masquerade. I hope you'll pardon it; Love is not in our power.

Sir Nic. O Heav'n! this is to add to all the rest. No, base man, I never will forgive it.

Betty. (unmask) Sir, you may if you please, and he too; consider, Sir, Love is not in our power.

Sir Form. I am amaz'd, I am struck dumb, I ne'r shall speak again!

Sir Nic. I am sorry for you, *Sir Formal*; but I have greater sorrows of my own: Yet I have my Uncle *Snarl* in reserve, I'll try his bounty—— Oh here he is!

Enter Snarl and Figgup.

Snarl. Here! where is this Coxcomb? Nephew—— This Vertuoso, I was with a Whore in *Germin-street*, was I? and your Ladship reproach'd me too; she is your Aunt in sadness.

Sir Nic. How, Sir! what do you mean?

Snarl. Mean! why what shou'd I mean? she is my Wife, I am marri'd to her——

Fig. Yes, Sir, we are marri'd, I assure you.

Sir Nic. Oh this is worst of all, I have lost all hopes of his Estate, for which I've so long suffer'd all his frowardness.

Sir Nic. Be gone out of my doors, I cast you from me; and I have here another Mistress of this House. Come in.

Enter Flirt.

To you I give possession of all here, Madam. Out of my doors.

L. Gim. Is this one of the Creatures you converse with about Philosophical matters? Fare ye well, I have, thanks to my Friends, a settlement for separate maintenance, and I have provided for my self too. A worthy Gentleman. Come in, Sir; he will defend my Person, and my Honour.

Enter Hazard.

Sir Nic. Who e're shall make such settlements hereafter, may they be plagu'd as I am! Vile Creature——

L. Gim. Sir, I shall publish your Letters into bargain, and send 'em to *Gresham Colledge*; then you'll be more despis'd than now you are there——

Sir Nic. O misfortune! that will be worse than all the miseries can happen to me. Hold, Madam, I have thought on't; and to shew how much I can be a Philosopher, I am content it should be a drawn Battle betwixt us: Do you forgive, and you shall find that I can do so too.

Enter Steward.

Stew. O Sir! I bring you the most unfortunate news that e'r you heard.

Sir Nic. More crosses still!

Stew. Several Engineers, Glass-makers, and other people you have dealt with for Experiments, have brought Executions and Extents, and seiz'd on all your Estate in the Countrey.

L. Gim. 'Tis very well; you were all this while Borling of Air, and studying Spiders and Glow-worms, stinking Fish, and rotten Wood.

Sir Nic. This last affliction is too great to bear; but I am resolv'd

resolv'd to forgive thee, my Dear, and be a good Husband, and redeem all.

L. Gim. No, Sir, I thank you; my Settlement is without incumbrance, and I'll preserve it without you, which you are the greatest a Woman can have.

Enter Sir Formal and Betty.

Sir Form. Sir, I humbly implore your pardon, for a crime, which Love, which was too strong for my resistance, caused in me.

Sir Nic. What do you mean?

Sir Form. I have marri'd *Clarinda*; the pretty Creature had an odd fancy to be marri'd in Masquerade. I hope you'll pardon it; Love is not in our power.

Sir Nic. O Heav'n! this is to add to all the rest. No, base man, I never will forgive it.

Betty. (unmask) Sir, you may if you please, and he too; consider, Sir, Love is not in our power.

Sir Form. I am amaz'd, I am struck dumb, I ne'r shall speak again!

Sir Nic. I am sorry for you, *Sir Formal*; but I have greater sorrows of my own: Yet I have my Uncle *Snarl* in reserve, I'll try his bounty—— Oh here he is!

Enter Snarl and Figgup.

Snarl. Here! where is this Coxcomb? Nephew—— This Vertuoso, I was with a Whore in *Germin-street*, was I? and your Ladiship reproach'd me too; she is your Aunt in sadness.

Sir Nic. How, Sir! what do you mean?

Snarl. Mean! why what shou'd I mean? she is my Wife, I am marri'd to her——

Fig. Yes, Sir, we are marri'd, I assure you.

Sir Nic. Oh this is worst of all, I have lost all hopes of his Estate, for which I've so long suffer'd all his frowardness.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, Clarinda, Miranda

L. Gim. Oh Heav'n! are they so soon come to a right understanding? I am undone. Curse on 'em!

Snarl. O Gentlemen! that foolish Vir uoso, and that wordy Puppy *Sir Formal*, said, I was taken with a Whore in *Germin-street*: This is the Lady, and she's my Wife.

Haz. Be pleas'd to give *Sir Formal* joy; he is married to *Mrs. Betty* too.

Sir Form. Upon my sincerity, Madam, it was very uncivilly done, to slur your Maid upon me in your stead: But I must rest contented; no more to be said.

Clar. Betty, I wish thee joy; *Sir Formal*, she's as good a Gentlewoman as you a Gentleman.

Snarl. I thought my foolish flashy Orator wou'd be catch'd at last. Ha-ha-ha! what, marry a Chamber-maid!

Sir Form. But, Sir, I have not marri'd a Strumpet, as you have.

Longv. How! is this virtuous Gentleman of the last Age so over-taken?

Bruce. Did Gentlemen and men of Honour marry Whores in the last Age?

Snarl. In sadness they have much ado to avoid it in this; if I have marri'd one, she is my own; and I had better marry my own than another mans, by the Mass, as 'tis fifty to one I shou'd, if I had marri'd else-where, in sadness.

Sir Nic. I have yet a reserve: Nieces, my Land in the Countrey is Extended; and my Goods are seiz'd on! The Money which I have of yours will redeem all, and I will account with you.

Clar. Sir, I can do nothing, but by my Guardian's consent; and I have chosen Mr. *Longvil* for mine.

Mir. And Mr. *Bruce* has undertaken the protection of my Fortune.

Sir Nic. Death! now all my hopes are cut off; I thought to have made a good sum of money of my Nieces. Was this the Philosophy you came for, Gentlemen?

Enter

Enter two Porters with Sir Samuel in a Chest.

How now? whom have we here?

Port. Sir, here is a Chest of Goods directed to Mrs. *Miranda*, and we were commanded to bring it to her.

Mir. For me! set it down there.

Port. Shall we not carry it into your Chamber, Madam?

Mir. No: there's something for you: Begone [Ex. *Port.*

Clar. It stands in the way; Foot-men, set it upon one end.

[*They offer to turn Sir Samuel with his head down.*

Sir Sam. Hold, hold; murder, murder!

Sir Nic. How's this? some Rogue and Thief! pull him out.

Sir Sam. Rogue and Thief! I scorn your words.

Snarl. An Antick Coxcomb; I have seen a Baboon with more common sense.

Sir Sam. I came hither to my Mistress *Miranda*, and wou'd marry her about this business:

Bruce. You must ask my leave, she has chosen me for her Guardian; and I will cut your throat if you attempt to make Love to her any more.

Sir Sam. And do you own what he says, Madam?

Mir. I must be rul'd by my Guardian.

Sir Sam. Why then I have been kick'd, beaten, pumpt, and tofs'd in a blanket, &c. to no purpose: I am unfortunate in this Intriguo. But no more to be said. Come; 'tis well its no worse yet.

Sir Nic. Sure, Sir *Formal*, you'll not deny me that.

Sir Form. Truly I opine it not reasonable for one, who has marri'd one with nothing, to be security for another.

Sir Nic. That I shou'd know Men no better! I wou'd I had studi'd Mankind instead of Spiders and Insects. Sure, my Dear, thou wilt not leave me!

L. Gim. I am resolv'd to part this moment.

Sir Nic. Well, I have something left yet; and here's one loves me, she has told me so a thousand times.

Flirt. Sir, trust not to that; for Women of my profession love Men but as far as their Money goes.

sir Nic. Am I deserted by all? Well, now 'tis time to study for use: I will presently find out the Philosophers Stone; I had like to have gotten it last year, but that I wanted *May-Dew*, being a dry season.

Longu. I hope, Ladies, since you have put your Estates into our hands, you'll let us dispose of your persons.

Mir. You must have time to leave off your old Love, before you put on new.

Clar. Nothing but time can fit it to you.

Bruce. You have given us hope, and we must live on that a while; and sure 'twill not be long that we shall live upon that slender Diet: For,

*If Love can once a Lady's Out-works win,
It soon will Master all that is within.*

[Exeunt.]

Epilogue.

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NOW you who think y^e are Judges of the Pit,
Who never, but in finding faults, show wit;
Who to your dear dull selves are kind alone,
And ne'r reflect on follies of your own:
Our Poet can from you no mercy find,
Who savage are to all but your own kind.
Nay, on the Stage if some of those appear,
Though ne'r so like your selves, you hate 'em there,
As the whole Herd falls on a wounded Deer,
But of those Ladies he despairs to day,
Who love a dull Romantick whining Play;
Where poor frail Woman's made a Deity,
With senseless amorous Idolatry,
And snivelling Heroes sigh, and pine, and cry,
Though singly they beat Armies, and Huff Kings,
Rant at the Gods, and do impossible things;
Though they can laugh at danger, blood and wounds;
Yet if the Dame once chides, the milk-sop Hero swoons,
These doughty things, nor Manners have, nor Wit;
We ne'r saw Hero fit to drink with yet.
But hold, I hear some say among the rest,
This Play is not well bred, nor yet well drest;
Such Plays the Womens Poets can write best:
They differ from the Mens, you must allow,
As Womens Taylors Womens Poets too.
But know, good breeding shows its excellence,
Not in small trifling forms, but in good sense.
Yet, Ladies, to Stage-faols some favour show,
Since off the Stage some Fops you can allow.

*Few of the Sexes happy Favourites yet
Have been the most remarkable for Wit:
Sure you must like Copies of such as these,
If the Original Coxcombs can so please.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
And makes his Fops to them a Sacrifice:
You know the pangs, and many labouring throws,
By which your Brains their perfect births disclose:
You can the faults and excellencies find;
Pass by the one, and be to th'other kind.
By you he is resolv'd to stand or fall:
What e'r's his doom he'll not repine at all.
And if this Birth shou'd want its perfect shape,
And cannot by your care its death escape,
Th'abortive Issue came before its day,
And th' Poet has miscarri'd of a Play.*

F I N I S
